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# Desert

TRAVEL/ADVENTURE/LIVING

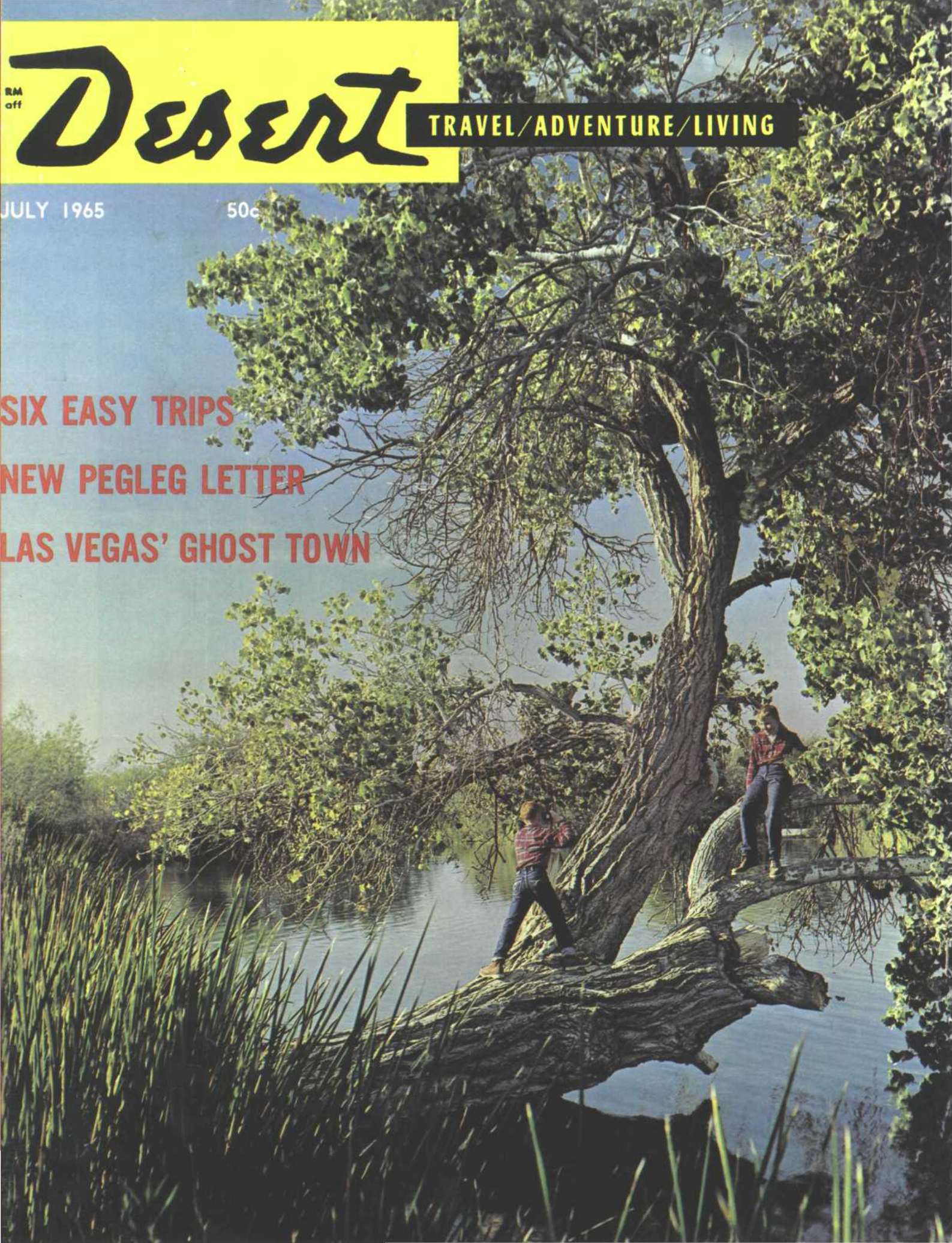
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The DESERT reader who identifies the above photograph and writes the most interesting story about it will receive a cash prize of \$10.00. The manuscript should give the location, ownership and accessibility of the area and as much detail regarding history and geology as is possible within 500 words.

Entries must be postmarked prior to July 20. The winning article will be published in the October issue. As a hint, these eerie rock formations appear in southern Nevada. Entries should be addressed to:

**CONTEST EDITOR, DESERT MAGAZINE, PALM DESERT, CALIF. 92260**



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NUMBER 7

JULY, 1965

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# Desert Magazine on the Move

By the time this issue is off the press, the editorial, business and advertising offices of DESERT Magazine will be operating from our new building just one block from our present site. The offices of DESERT have been in the large white stucco building in Palm Desert since 1948 when Randall Henderson, founder, moved here from El Centro. Today, however, there just isn't enough room in the old building to take care of our growing pains. In the past year our circulation and operation have expanded and enlarged tremendously and our retail book shop has met with spectacular success. In our new quarters we will have room for our expanded staff and an attractive book and gift shop. Our advertising office and art department will also be moved into the new quarters, along with a newly created promotion department. The actual printing of the publication, which has increased from 36,000 to 48,000 copies in two years, is handled by Los Angeles Lithograph Company in Los Angeles.

Soon after I purchased DESERT Magazine two years ago we started plans to combine the August and September issues into a double SPECIAL TRAVEL EDITION which would be used as a guide and reference for vacations. Our first such issue will be off the press the middle of July. It will be the largest and most comprehensive issue published since DESERT was founded 28 years ago. During the coming months we will continue to add additional pages and increase our color content as we take our readers to unusual places of The West. Our success is due to our subscribers, and advertisers, all of whom I wish I could personally thank for their individual support. Without them we could not continue to publish DESERT. For 28 years DESERT has brought enrichment, enlightenment and entertainment to hundreds of thousands of people who might not otherwise have learned to love the outdoor areas of The West. On an ever expanded scale, we will continue that policy.

I would like to thank the following concerns which made it possible to move our operation from one building to another without missing or delaying an issue of DESERT Magazine: L. A. Perry & Sons, Morongo Valley; Fred Hathaway Construction Co., Palm Springs; Hammer Electric, Palm Springs; Jack Swafford, painter, Palm Desert; Pepito Sign Co., Indio. We are all elated over our new home and hope all of you will visit us. Even our overworked editor has caught the light-hearted spirit. She just handed me the following bit of verse:

There's a tiger in the tree,  
And he's looking straight at me.  
Don't jump, Mr. Tiger.  
Please don't jump!

She tells me it's simple and beautiful and I've promised to publish a whole book of them if she can raise 1,000 advance orders on the strength of this one!

Summer has come early to the desert this year. It's already over 100°. I think I'll go out now and look for that tiger's tree!

JACK PEPPER  
Publisher

JACK PEPPER, *Publisher*

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## New Books for Desert Readers

### THE TRAILS OF PETE KITCHEN

By Gil Procter

In searching for a glimmer of truth in fantastic tales, Gil Procter has found that what appears on the surface as fool's gold was often put there by a wise man to cover his riches. As a vehicle to take the reader through a wonderful maze of history and legend, he follows the trail of Arizona's most famous pioneer, Pete Kitchen, who battled Apaches for over a quarter of a century and established the Pete Kitchen Ranch, where the author now lives.

The story is vivid. It tells of living in the first adobe house built by a white man in Arizona when a rifle stood in every corner of the house. It tells of the lost virgin of the Remedios Mission and how the author tracked it down for a photograph.

But most exciting of all is a chapter containing the author's discoveries in regard to the treasure of Tumacacori. Between Coronado's expedition in 1540 and Father Kino's entry into southern Arizona in 1691, history draws a blank. And yet, evidence strongly suggests that mining had taken place in this region during that period and the author points out good reason to believe a mission might have been established there prior to Kino's arrival. It's a fascinating story and one this author handles with brilliance. Treasure seekers will find a lot of meat here!

Hardcover, 215 pages, illustrated with interesting photos. \$4.95.

### A GUIDEBOOK TO THE SUNSET RANGES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Russ Leadabrand

This well-illustrated and mapped guidebook covers the San Jacinto, Santa Ana and San Diego County mountains and will be popular with Southern California desert dwellers looking for cool summer retreats. The author has made recent treks into each of the areas and his information regarding campsites, wild life, and back country trails is up-to-date and reliable. Paperback, 144 pages. \$1.95.

### SHELLING IN THE SEA OF CORTEZ

By Paul E. Violette

Here, at last, is a shell collecting book we can recommend to everyone. Most of those in the past have been either too scientific for the amateur collector, or too juvenile for even most juveniles. The author focuses on the Guaymas, Sonora area of Mexico's Gulf of California, but the shells identified, described and clearly illustrated are widely applicable to the Gulf coast of Baja as well.

This light, but fact-packed book is designed to introduce the amateur as well as advanced conchologist to the various kinds of shells occurring on these shores, the marine life that lives in them, how to cook and eat it and facts about finding, collecting, cleaning, and preserving the shells. With more than 215 detailed drawings and maps by C. Randolph McKusick and clever narrative by the author, this 96-page book will please everyone and certainly enhance any trips to Mexico's Gulf of California coast. Paperback. \$1.50.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the **DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260**. Please include 25c for handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

### GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS OF CALIFORNIA

By Remi Nadeau

Another ghost town book. This one concentrates on the well known mining camps and towns of California and doesn't reveal anything new in their history, but its coverage extends from Grass Valley in the north to Julian in the south and is a good rundown of the state's early mining activity. There's an area map for each section of the state locating the ghost towns included in the text of the book and it is illustrated with some rare old photos. The author's research was extensive. Hardcover, 278 pages, \$5.95.



## REMNANTS OF THE OLD WEST

By Harriett Farnsworth

A brand new book just off the press and written by a writer popular with DESERT readers. Harriett Farnsworth captured the essence of this fine book just in time. It's about the West's last living pioneers. Many of them were children when the rip-roaring West was born, but they remember the crusty characters, raw justice, gold strikes and boom towns that will be lost to future generations and on these pages they tell stories about present ghost towns that have never been published.

Mrs. Farnsworth's tales are all first hand accounts of interviews made right on the scenes. Her story about Jerome, Arizona is classic and one this reviewer is particularly happy to see in print. She visited with Fanny Stephens who lived through Indian raids, became acquainted with Death Valley "authentic" like Shoshone Johnny and Johnny Mills. There isn't much of the desert—either high or low—she's left uncovered in this action-packed book. You will like it. Hardcover. 139 pages and only \$2.95.

Book Catalogue now available at Desert Magazine Book Shop, Palm Desert, Calif.

## MEXICAN HOMES OF TODAY

By Verna and Warren Shipway

Another marvelous book by the authors of two other fine books *The Mexican House Old and New* and *Mexican Interiors*. Photographs are exciting, decorative ideas truly fresh. Whether you are interested in Spanish influence in decor or not, this large format, original book will introduce ideas that may be adapted to other trends.

Architectural structure as well as interior details and patio ideas are illustrated and fully discussed as to period of origination or derivation and many of Mexico's most spectacular residences are included. Native Mexican creations in weaving, embroidery work, metal and ceramics are shown, along with source information as to where such objects and materials may be found. Clever usage of wares commonly found in Mexico are suggested; swags made from hand-loomed hammocks and tin lanterns preserved from rust with linseed oil or painted in surprising colors. It's a fun book, an idea book, and worth every penny of its cost, \$12.95. Hardcover, 249 pages.

## ERNIE PYLE'S SOUTHWEST

A collection of some of Ernie's timeless word-pictures describing his wandering trips through the desert corner of the Southwest he loved so much. Clever illustrations, in line drawing, are executed by Ernie's "favorite nephew" Bob Bales and the foreword is written by Ed Ainsworth.

Many, remembering the late Ernie Pyle as America's most popular war correspondent, forget that prior to the war he was world-famous for his human, sensitive columns that gave hope to readers throughout the depression years and led many into solitary places of the Southwest desert where he went to seek solace in the basic principles of life both for himself and the rest of the world.

Ernie writes about folks in back country towns of Nevada, the Four Corners country, Barstow, Death Valley, Palm Springs and Phoenix. And he tells of people we all know—like the late Norman Nevills, Harry Goulding, Charlie Farrell—and people hardly anyone knows—like an old prospector in Winnemucca, a dead Indian in Monument Valley and a service station operator in Arizona.

This is a good book—a sentimental book—and will bring back a number of not-so-long ago memories to a number of not-so-very-old people. Hardcover, 105 pages. \$5.00.

# Desert

recommends these books

**ALL ABOUT CALIFORNIA** By Tom Lesure. Excellent guide with information slanted toward retirement locations. \$2.00.

**30,000 MILES IN MEXICO** By Nell Murbarger. An entertaining travel book that takes you to places you'd never have known about without it. \$6.

**YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK** By Hiram M. Crittenden. All-encompassing history and geologic explanation of this fantastic Western vacationland. \$1.95.

**STANDING UP COUNTRY** By C. Gregory Cramp-ton. Best book ever written about Utah-Arizona canyon country. Superb color. \$15.

**JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS** by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. Fifty-eight towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map. Hard Cover. \$5.50.

**THE OREGON DESERT** by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. This book is a hard one to define. A single paragraph may be a mixture of geology, history, biography and rich desert lore. The only complete book about the Oregon desert, the material applies equally well to other deserts of the West. The humor and fascinating anecdotes coupled with factual background and unusual photos, including color, make it excellent reading material even for those who may never visit Oregon. 407 pages, illustrated. Hard Cover. Third printing, \$6.50.

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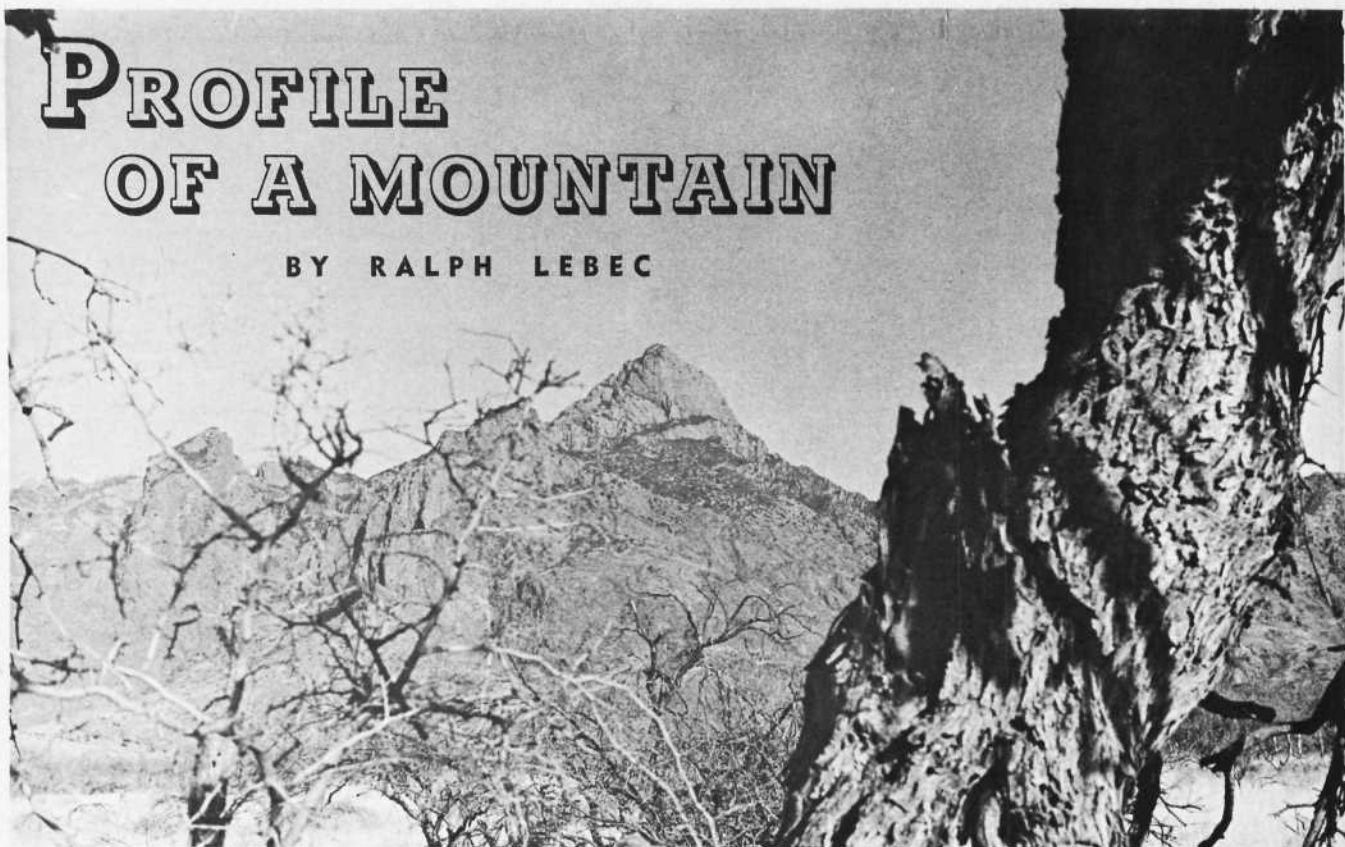
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# PROFILE OF A MOUNTAIN

BY RALPH LEBEC



UNIQUE AND impressionable, it stirs the soul, fires the imagination, and creates an aura of reverence.

Its physical description borders the realm of fantasy.

Your first view of Mount Baboquivari, (Ba-vo-KEE-vree) gives you a feeling of strangeness, a spiritual and mysterious awareness. On certain days great clouds hover silently above its 8000-foot crest. On others, its winds sing a lonely dirge.

A Papago Indian once told me the word *Baboquivari* means "small in the middle." Later I found the Anglo corruption is taken to mean "neck between two heads." When Father Eusebio Kino entered Southern Arizona, his chronicler described it as a tall ship situated on the top of a high ridge—for years afterwards it was called "Noah's Ark."

Padre Kino, in 1692, was the first white man to pass within its shadow. Since then many have fallen under its spell. J. Ross Browne, in 1864, was so fascinated he drew the sketch published in his book *A Tour Through Arizona*.

The Baboquivari range forms the eastern boundary of the Papago Indian Reservation. It runs north and south and traverses our southern frontier into Mexico. Expansive Altar Valley, with ever-changing colors and sprawling cattle ranches, slopes away from the mountain range on the

opposite side from the reservation. Tales of gold, lost mines and buried treasure abound when men gather to talk of this mountain.

An ancient native of Altar Valley, with whom I shared a glass of fiery mescal, told me a story of San Xavier Mission. When Jesuit Fathers were expelled from Southern Arizona in 1767, so goes the tale, Papago Indian converts gathered gold and silver ornaments from the church and, in the dark of night, carried them to Mt. Baboquivari and hid them at its base. They were then sworn to secrecy on penalty of death by the tribe.

As far as he can recollect, my aged friend said, this treasure hoard still lies hidden in a dark cave located in one of the mountain's ravines.

Tales attached to Baboquivari are countless; its very existence is legend. Tucson, Arizona is only 50 miles northeast of the peak, yet few people in that city have seen its great height dominating the surrounding desert landscape. Some who have call it the "spooky" mountain. All tribes in the area claim it belongs to the Tawhaw-no Aw-o-tahm, meaning the "desert people." Papago Indians believe it is the center of creation and the home of the great spirit. Pima Indians, another desert tribe, believe it is the home of Wind Man and his brother, Cloud Man. Many years ago, when I viewed the mountain for the first time, I too felt that here was a

symbol. A mountain that emanates mystery is bound to create spiritual significance.

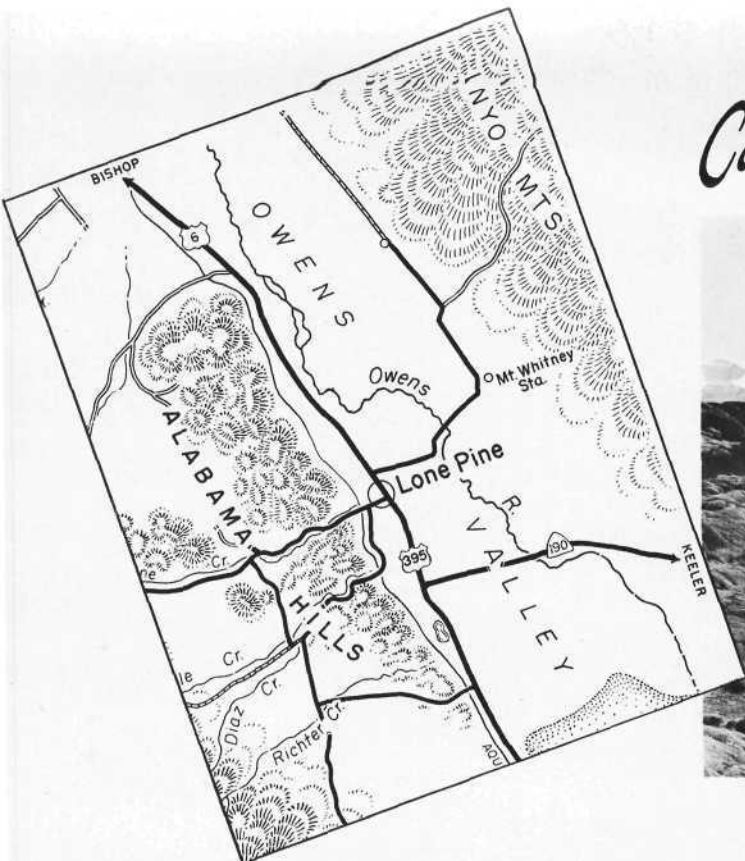
To the Paleface, the creation of Baboquivari is legend, but to the Indian it is a belief passed on by the Old Ones from generation to generation. I once listened in amazement while the old man of a village repeated the story "From his body, the Great Spirit Ee-e-toy took a grain of sand and placed it in the center of the void and the foundation of the earth was wrought," the old man began. Then he took a handful of clay and made man in his own likeness. He also created a mountain and named it Baboquivari and, he said, its crest shall be my home. From there I will watch over my people.

A gas lamp flickered in the primitive hut where weird shadows danced on adobe walls and the old man droned on with the story. My amazement centered on the fact that their legend was so similar to the book of Genesis in our Bible. Perhaps their God is also our God, and he sits on the mountain watching us all.

Some day the last of the Old Ones will die and there will be no one left to enthrall integrated children with the story of how the Great Spirit created the mountain. But the mountain will remain. And the Spirit Ee-e-toy, though sad and abandoned, will wait there while the wind wails a lonely dirge and his people are lost forever. ///



# California Fantasy Land



by Barbara and Warren Transue

**Y**OU NEEDN'T go to Egypt to see a sphinx. There's a giant one tucked away in California's Alabama Hills and it's only one of many fantasy forms visible to imaginative visitors in this Lone Pine area.

Named for a Civil War action involving the Union ship Kearsarge and the Confederate's Alabama, Alabama Hills is reputed to be one of the world's oldest rock formations. As a result of ancient volcanic upheavals, the upthrust knobs and angular pieces have assumed the bizarre shapes of ponderous giants of the animal kingdom. Desert light and shadow, playing magically upon twisted stratas, transform them into a mysterious sphinx, a leering cobra,

a monstrous elephant, and eerie skeletons. One needs only a road map, a case of wanderlust and a discerning eye to capture them.

Lying parallel to Highway 395 and 6, which points northward to Bishop and south to Mojave, the Alabama Hills may be reached by turning west at Lone Pine toward Whitney Portal, the gateway to Mt. Whitney. Picnickers, campers and rockhounds are invariably delighted to discover this untouched paradise where rock giants slumber in the sun. Less than two miles from the charming village of Lone Pine, these monsters — some amusing, some frightening — are too often by-passed by travelers hurrying to popular Mt. Whitney resorts. ///



# A LAKE REBORN

by Vi Chamberlain

**T**HE MAGIC of Colorado River water splashing and leaping to fill the dry bed of California's Lake Elsinore pumped new life into the surrounding community last spring.

According to Frank Pasquale, then newly-elected councilman, "We plan to make Elsinore a better city and more modern than Palm Springs!" This is quite a project, for a lake resort that has been out of commission since 1950.

Once reputed to be the largest natural lake in Southern California, scanty rainfall and heavy water use upstream emptied the lake, leaving a ragged border of cottages to stare gauntly over the dry, empty dust bowl. The lake, according to a Guide Book of 1888, was six miles long and two and one-half miles wide and very, very deep.

Lake Elsinore is part of La Laguna Tract, granted June 7, 1844 by Governor Manuel Micheltorena to Julian Manriquez. Called "Laguna Grande" on early day maps, it was fashionable for the smart set of Los Angeles and vicinity to go clattering and jolting via the Butterfield Stage through orange groves, cottonwood and sycamores along Temescal Canyon to

the hospitality of Don Machado's ranch house. Here the traveler, bone-weary from his dusty journey, could enjoy excellent food and lodging which included a bath in mineral waters thought to possess great health value.

In 1883 or 1884, the lake was christened Elsinore by Wm. Collier, D. M. Graham and F. H. Heald who, according to their first brochure, thought the name had a pleasant sound.

Gradually, as lake water receded, visitors sought health and recreation elsewhere. In 1930 the ornate Victorian bathhouse, which had sheltered so many great names, was abandoned. Sun and wind had almost pummeled it beyond endurance when, in 1950, Mrs. Bonnie Gough purchased the rundown building and converted it into an antique shop. Another colorful house high on a hilltop among eucalyptus trees is the former summer home of the late evangelist, Aimee Semple MacPherson.

Loyal residents of Elsinore fought valiantly to bring water back to the lake. Many braved financial hardships as property values dropped

lower and lower. Always they hoped some day the Great Drought would end. Bulldog persistence and a constant flow of letters to politicians requesting the lake be refilled finally paid off last year. Thousands cheered along the banks as water funneled new life into the dry bed and land values rose right along with the water level.

State Park Marina is the hub of activity at Lake Elsinore. Last summer over 10,000 well-wishers per week splashed, boated and sunbaked on its shores. This summer the lake should reach a new high, as Spring rains permitted Colorado River water to be released to Lake Elsinore a good week in advance of schedule. Fees of \$3 a day plus \$2 for launching and parking are collected. Picnicking and swimming fees are 50c per day. There are other graduating charges for annual, semi-annual and quarterly occupancy.

Perhaps now there will be no more "downs" for this blue, blue, lake with the romantic name. The State hopes to prevent a water level drop of ever more than two feet. At last the benefits of Lake Elsinore are restored. Its future is most assuredly "up." ///





# THE TERRIBLE TARANTULA

by Tim St. George



**T**HE DANCE of the Tarantella started it. Malevolent Dr. Fu Manchu added to the legend. And fear and ignorance perpetuated the base canards about the ferocity and dangers of the tarantulas.

No doubt these hairy arachnids are somewhat creepy-looking, but the fact is, the North American tarantula bite is seldom administered until the tarantula has been plagued beyond endurance by someone interested in measuring a spider's patience. There is said to be one variety in South America big enough and deadly enough to capture and feast on small birds, but ours are friendly, useful bug eaters.

Tarantulas love to primp and enjoy being stroked or combed with a small, soft brush. Youngsters occasionally match them for harness races, a thread being tied about the spiders' bodies to keep them on the track. Squeamish teachers have dispatched the author's son when his tarantula accidentally popped out from a matchbox on the school room floor. (Dead, some boys chop the body hair and use it as itching powder. It is an irritant and used by the spider in defending itself.)

But such youngsters and tarantulas need all the friends they can get. The spider, not the boy, has a Nemesis in the form of a wasp, the "Tarantula Hawk" (*Pepsis thisbe*) which will take on a tarantula several times

its size simply to lay one egg and perpetuate the hawk's clan.

Once contact is made, the spider and wasp circle warily, looking for openings. Then one or the other makes a lunge. Engaged, the tarantula tries to sink its hypodermic-like fangs into the wasp's abdomen. But there are armor-plated scales which seldom are penetrated. Meanwhile, the wasp has inserted its stinger into a vital area, always where nerve ganglia are located. The effect is dramatic in that the stricken tarantula staggers and shudders in true movie fashion as he goes limp, prey to the Tarantula Hawk.

The wasp is just as efficient in preparing the cadaver as a birthplace for its young. She first cleans herself of any remaining tarantula venom, then flips the tarantula over and drags it into either the spider's own home, or a nearby burrow. The wasp carefully scrapes away the irritating hair on the abdomen, then lays one white egg, and leaves, after carefully plugging the entrance with dirt and debris to insure a safe, large meal for the wasp when it hatches.

Though being host for a parasite is its last act, the tarantula gobbles up numerous harmful insects and generally minds its own business without harm to man. Deserving a better press than it receives, the tarantula should be recognized as harmless and helpful, rather than hirsute and horrendous. ///

*Mitch Williams'*

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# WHEN LAZINESS IS A GOOD FAULT



Paul Bunyon's famous axe slipped and wedged the earth 50 feet apart while he was splitting logs. So perfect is this split that if another Paul Bunyon could squeeze the side back together, they would fit like a jigsaw puzzle.

The fault is easily reached from Mammoth Lake Village on the east side of the Sierra, three miles west of Highway 395, by driving through spectacular alpine country on the Mammoth Lakes road. Tall trees, snow-capped mountains, rushing streams, sparkling lakes and a foam-flecked waterfall make this minarette country the most beautiful concentration of picture-book scenery in the Sierra Nevadas.

The fault itself lies at the end of a half-mile dirt road off the highway. Whether you ride or walk is up to you, but the walk through fragrant pines over a pine needle carpet is refreshing after a long drive.

At the fault is a parking area with




**M**OST CALIFORNIANS know that beneath the surface of their state lies a maze of faults. The longest of these is 600-mile long San Andreas which extends from Cape Mendocino to the Colorado Desert. Long-time residents shudder when they remember the Long Beach or Bakersfield earthquakes, but considering that thousands of quakes occur in the world each year and that only 11 major ones have occurred in the last 150 years, California still presents a Utopia, compared to the cyclones, tornadoes and hurricanes of other states.

Sometimes an earthquake fault sighs in its sleep or releases a snore-like rumble to keep the respect of the populace, but mostly it is content to shake a little and go right back to sleep. One that has been peacefully sleeping right out in the open since 1790 and appears content to sleep on without stirring is the "Earthquake Fault" of the Lake Mammoth area in Inyo National Forest.

Driving north on Highway 395 toward Lake Tahoe, Reno, or Sacramento, you may safely view this geological phenomenon by taking a U.S. Forest Ranger new self-guided tour. All you need is a pair of walking shoes and a spirit of adventure.

At one vantage point the giant earth crack looks like the spot where



**APACHE LAND**

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by Isabel Dunwoody

picnic tables and nearby is a public camp where you may obtain maps and information on other self-guided tours sponsored by the Inyo National Forest Rangers.

A tour to the fault begins when you lift the lid of a box mounted on a pole and help yourself to a Tour Guide leaflet. As you proceed along the trail, each point of interest is identified and described by a numbered stake. The trail distance is 1/8th mile and completely safe until you come to a warning sign that reads, "Please do not throw objects in the 'fault.' There may be people below."

Yes, you may go down into the depths of this fault which opened up about 200 years ago, as determined by red fir trees growing from its sides. A natural ladder leads down to the bottom where the cool air you feel is due to the slow thawing of snow and ice. In the old days these crevices were used by campers to keep food cool and even in summer snow is available to make ice cream.

Of special interest to rock collectors is the great quantity of pumice on the ground. This frothy volcanic material that showered the earth about 10,000 years ago was formed when violent explosions hurled molten material high into the air and cooled before it pelted the earth, thus retaining its air spaces.

On the fissure walls, steel inserts are visible. These are the work of seismologists installed for measuring, if possible, the rate of expansion or contraction of the fissure. Multi-colored plants growing on the bare walls are lichens which century after century slowly break the rocks into smaller particles.

To those adventurers taking the tour who are superstitious of the number 13, don't let this worry you. It simply means the tour is concluded and you have seen this underground wonder that occurred a very long time ago—a permanently lazy fault that anyone can see from snow melt to snow fall. Californians hope that all its faults will remain as docile as this Inyo National Forest one.

///



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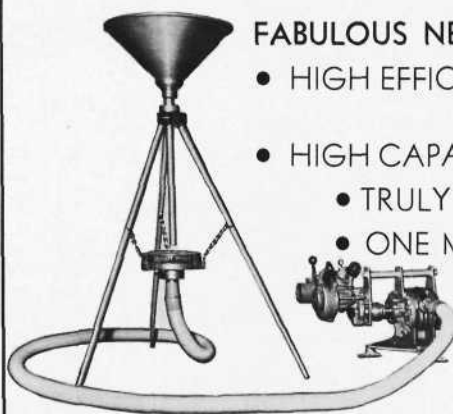
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*Right: Kachina dolls are mounted on cactus slabs for display. Below: Others add interest to stark walls.*



## THE KACHINA TODAY

BY SAUNDRA L. COMFORT

A HOPI religious doll has become a popular item with Southwest interior designers. Kachina (ka-CHEE-nah) dolls adorn bank lobbies in Arizona cities and home owners display them as ornaments or conversation pieces, but surprisingly few admirers of these little wooden figures know their true significance.

To the Hopis, the word kachina has three meanings. It may refer to supernatural beings, to male dancers who impersonate these beings, or to painted wooden dolls which are representations of the masked dancers. The Hopis believe the kachinas are spirits of birds, animals, insects, places, objects, or people who live in the San Francisco Peaks of north-eastern Arizona.

Each of the 250 kachinas has a name, usually that of the item it represents, owl, snow, thunder, or lightning. Some have well-defined

functions: they may be warriors, hunters, or clowns whose antics control social behaviour by subjecting villagers who have violated social rules to public ridicule.

According to Hopi tradition transmitted orally from ancient times, the spirit kachinas come down from the mountains each December to visit the villages. They bring well-being to the people, gifts for the children, and rain for the crops.

Rain is a source of concern to these Indians who live on three windswept mesas overlooking the valley of the Little Colorado River and the Painted Desert. Their land is rocky and sandy and the rains they depend upon to water their crops are unpredictable. Village water supplies come from natural reservoirs and springs. A constant need for water is the motivating force behind the religious ceremonies which they schedule ac-





cording to solar and lunar observations. The rites are dances performed by Hopi males impersonating the kachinas.

Kachina dances are staged from December to July, beginning on the final day of the winter solstice rites when the sun is farthest from the equator. Groups of kachina dancers appear at the entrance of each kiva, or underground ceremonial room. During cold winter months they dance in the kivas, but move out into the plazas when the weather warms.

Kachina dancers are always men. They wear masks, costumes, and body paint in traditional designs peculiar to the kachina they are impersonating. Some masks have snouts and horns, while others are ornamented with eagle, parrot, owl, or turkey feathers. A collar or ruff of evergreen twigs, feathers or animal skin is worn around the lower edge of the leather or white cotton mask.

Kachina costumes consist of a kilt of white cotton, usually embroidered with colored yarn, and a sash with a woven design. The kilt and sash are tied around the waist and hang at the right side. An important part of the costume is a gourd rattle car-

ried in the right hand and an evergreen sprig or bow and arrow carried in the left. Turtle shell rattles are often tied under the right knee to emphasize the beat.

Female kachinas (kachin-manas) also are impersonated by Hopi men. Their costumes are the traditional garb of Hopi women—black dress, shoulder blanket, woven belt and white buckskin boots.

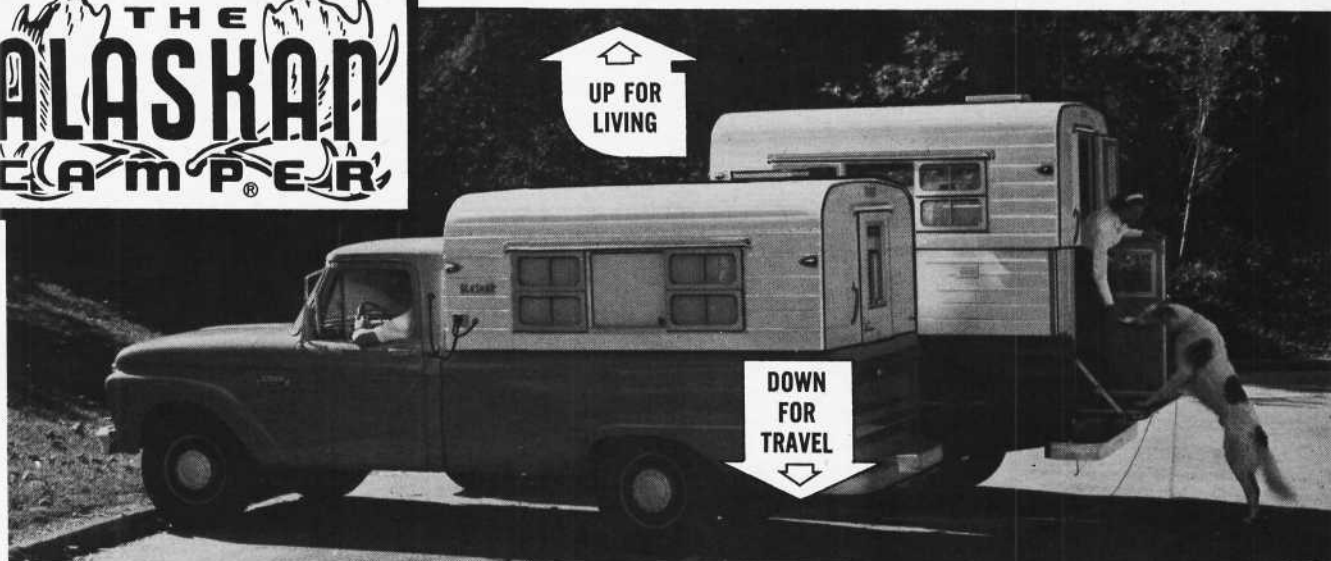
The dancers appear in groups of 15 to 30, all singing and dancing in unison. The basic step is to raise the right foot and stamp the ground in rhythm with the music. Variations accompanied by gestures of the arms and head occur with changes of rhythm. Singing is continuous and the songs may be composed by anyone. Usually they express a desire for rain, good crops, and the well-being of the people and are repetitious.

While the kachina concept is very old, the kachina doll is not. It has existed probably fewer than 100 years. The dolls are not idols; neither are they worshipped nor prayed to. Their function is similar to that of the Christian statue to be used in the religious training of small children to teach them the characteristics

and names of the individual kachinas. A comparison of the kachina dolls with Christian statues is appropriate because the functions of saints and kachinas are parallel in their respective religions. Each serves as a go-between for mortals and the more important deities.

Kachina dolls are made by Hopi men who carve them from the root of the cottonwood tree by using a knife and rasp to form the figure and a small piece of sandstone to smooth it. The figures are then covered with a light coating of kaolin (white clay) and painted in the likeness of kachina dancers. They may be simple, flat-slab forms, usually given to infants, or elaborately decorated figures in dance poses held together with tiny pegs.

Kachina dolls are usually hung from the rafters of Hopi homes to provide a constant reminder of the kachina spirits, especially when the supernaturals have returned to the mountains after the July rainy season. Although the dolls are not toys, children are not scolded for carrying them around and older children often swap them at the trading posts for soda and candy—which provides a ready supply for designers and private collectors. ///



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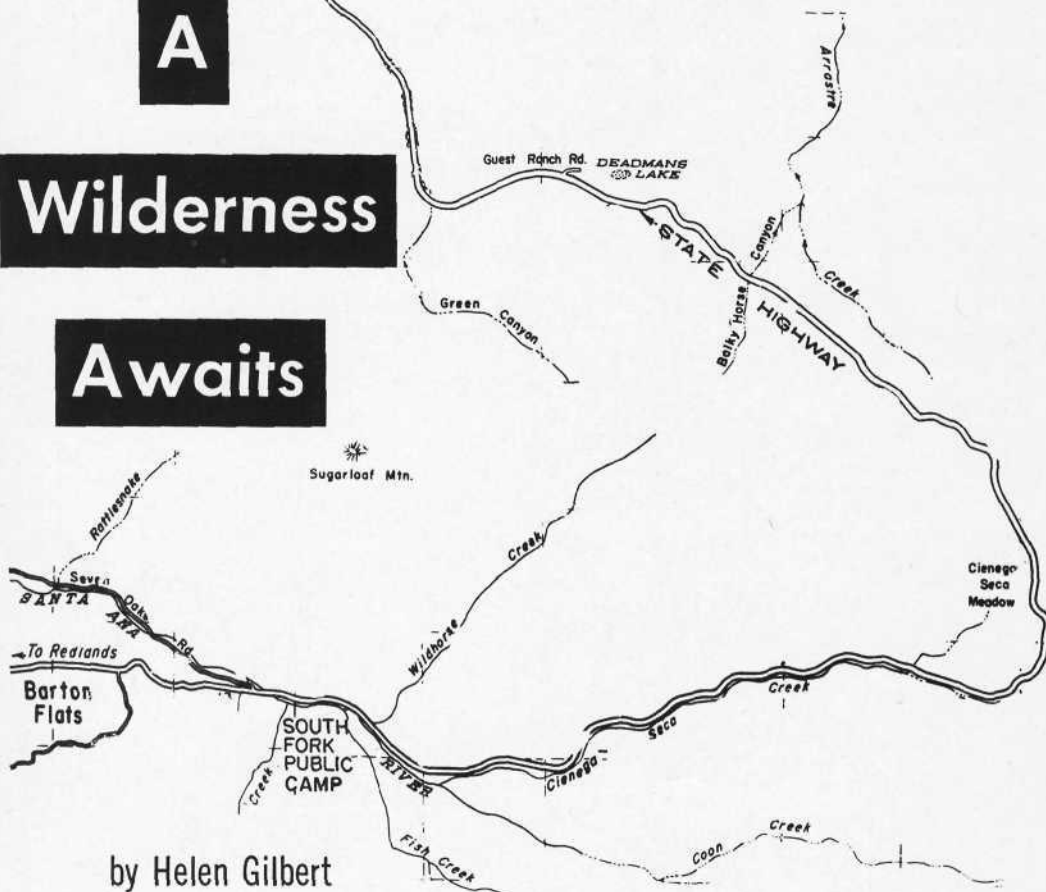
CANADIAN PATENT NO. 637-543



A

## Wilderness

## Awaits



by Helen Gilbert

WHILE MOST high primitive areas are accessible only by horseback or packtrain, Big Bear Loop over Onyx Summit passes within four miles of the largest wilderness area in Southern California. Remarkably free from traffic, it penetrates virgin forests and unspoiled back country few motorists have seen.

This 16-mile extension of State Route 38 is a connecting link between Mill Creek and Santa Ana Canyon resorts and highways already existent in the Bear Lake area. Beginning at Redlands, California, Highway 38 passes through chaparral country into the southeastern flank of the San Bernardino mountains. Rich in legend and history of gold rush days, it is a pleasant trip in any season.

Physical aspects of the country are much changed since the first settlers traveled to Bear Valley. Long a favorite picnic spot, Mill Creek canyon was once heavily wooded where now are only acres of boulders, due to a disastrous flood in 1938. Mill Creek acquired its name in the early 1800s

when the lower canyon abounded in Bigcone Spruce—one of the “false hemlocks,” and two lumber mills operated to supply lumber for San Bernardino, as well as beams for the San Bernardino mission *Asistencia*.

At the approach to the canyon is an open, stone-lined water ditch. This is the old *Zanja* which, according to historian George Beattie, was built by Guachama Indians under Chief Solano, their only implements being shoulder blades of slain cattle. Mill Creek was tapped approximately seven miles east of Redlands and the *Zanja* brought water to Crafton, Redlands, and the flatland below, irrigating crops of the Indian village at Guachama mission *rancheria*.

It was in a little shack in this canyon that Harold Bell Wright wrote, “*The Eyes of the World*.” Neighboring peaks were the locale of the story.

High on the face of south wall, known as Sheep’s Cliff, is a trestle-supported pipeline which carries water to the hydro-electric power plant downstream, replacing the old

wooden flume over which hikers used to walk a plank.

The cross-roads cafe now known as Mill Creek Trading Past was once Igo’s Store, the starting point for the old stage route to Big Bear Lake. This narrow, steep, winding, one-way route followed Mountain Home Creek canyon to the summit near Camp Angeles and the junction with today’s highway. From there the road plunged steeply down to the Santa Ana river at a point a mile and a half below Seven Oaks. This was the route used by horse and wagon and early automobiles, but it’s a far cry from today’s high-gear road!

Cars lined up at “the gate” waiting for the starting hours—two, five, eight and eleven—when the chain was lowered and motorists began the long, hot, dusty trip to Bear Valley for a weekend of bass and trout fishing. Dudley Glass, son of a pioneer who owned a section of land near Seven Oaks and whose father built the first road to Barton Flats, told us, “The Mill Creek control road was begun in 1913 and completed as far as East



Fork. From there the work was subcontracted to a group of Mexicans who worked 50-foot sections with pick, shovel and wheelbarrow, camping as they went." At the Santa Ana river cars again lined up to wait for the control down grade.

There are many who remember the thrills of the old road. Ed Somerville, who lives across from Igo's, told us, "Three hours were allowed to make the 11 miles to the Santa Ana river and if anything happened that you didn't make it through, as was often the case with old-time cars, you had a three-hour wait for the next control."

The trip was hard, but it had the feel of adventure and those were "rip-roaring" days in Bear Valley. Picturesque names like Wildhorse Gulch and Balky Horse Canyon recall the colorful era, while Bellyache Springs attests to the folly of drinking too freely of cold spring water by either horse or rider.

Continuing on Highway 38 past Igo's you come to Angeles Oaks (Camp Angeles) and the headwaters of the Santa Ana river, largest river basin in Southern California. Here one of the state's most beautiful conifer forests scents the air with the piney twang of Ponderosa, White Fir, Incense Cedar, and Sugar Pine.

Located up the valley of the Santa Ana river is Barton Flats recreational area with three public campgrounds which provide facilities for swimming, fishing, riding, and hiking into the adjacent Wilderness area dominated by the lofty granite dome of San Geronio, known as "Old Greyback," which rises 11,502 feet. Robert Reese, District Ranger, assures us that South Fork Camp, which has been closed

*New state highway 38 passes within four miles of largest wilderness area in Southern California.*



for improvements, will be open this summer.

Within the Wilderness area are 65 miles of foot and horse trails and 20 primitive campsites. Here roam deer, brown bear and mountain lion, all protected by legislation. It is here, along Cienaga Seca Creek and including the Hearst Bar Ranch, that the Division of Beaches and Parks has acquired lands for the new Big Meadow State Park. Included is the im-

portant viewpoint known as "Coon Creek Jumpoff."

The massive bulk of Sugarloaf Peak lies to the north and new Big Bear Loop encircles it by an easy grade following the two-lane mountain road with excellent visibility and alignment which at last makes accessible this high back country never before open to motor travel.

The highway climbs easily over Arrastre Divide to Onyx Summit (el. 8,420), marking the divide between the Santa Ana and the Colorado Basins. Below lies a spectacular view of all major peaks in the Wild area. The road then descends through pinon pine and juniper forests to the east end of Big Bear Valley in the vicinity of Baldwin Lake, a total distance of 52 miles from Redlands.

Several return routes are open to the motorist. Especially recommended is a splendid loop trip along Highway 18 through Cushenberry Canyon to Lucerne Valley, then east to Old Woman Springs, returning by way of the High Desert.

Either way, with ease you have visited a truly beautiful part of our state and have known, in some measure, the peace and solitude that a designated Wilderness provides. ///



*Old cars awaiting turn to enter control road. Tom Phillips photo.*

Here is the first published  
authoritative account  
of the discovery  
of Baja's painted caves  
as experienced by a brilliant  
U. C. L. A. anthropologist  
who was first on the scene.

## The Painted Caves of Baja

by Clement Meighan

THE PREHISTORIC remains of Baja California have attracted much attention in recent years and a powerful stimulus to further exploration has been the work of Erle Stanley Gardner in his books on Baja California. So much has happened with new reports and discoveries that it is worthwhile to review some of the early findings with regard to the rock paintings of the central part of Baja California.

Early in 1962 I received a phone call that was to lead me to one of the most exciting archaeological projects of recent years in the desert areas. The caller was John Straubel of the Hiller Helicopter Co.; he had just returned from an exploration trip with Gardner and was checking up on a find of Indian rock paintings they had discovered in a remote and inaccessible canyon in the middle of the peninsula. As the paintings were described to me over the phone, the figures included life-size humans painted in red and black. From this description, I immediately assumed that the party had discovered, or rather re-discovered, the site of San Borjita, inland from Mulege. This is a spectacular cavern with over 70 great painted figures on its roof, but not an original discovery. It was visited many years ago by various explorers and came to scientific attention with an article (with color plates) in the popular Mexican magazine *Impacto* (for March 11, 1950). This publication had actually been preceded by a year in the *DESERT*



*On walls and ceilings of this cave and others like it are found Baja's famous cave paintings.*

article by E. H. Davis (Feb. 1949) but this article did not arouse the interest of U. S. explorers. It very likely attracted the interest of the Mexicans, however, and may well have been the stimulus for the several visits and publications that began with the *Impacto* "discovery" of 1951.

In any event, when I got the phone call I told Straubel to come around and I would look at his photos. Meanwhile, I got off the shelves the various Mexican publications and the *DESERT* article which discussed San Borjita, convinced that Gardner and his party had revisited this striking cave. How wrong I was! The first picture Straubel showed me had in it a life-size and most realistic deer, painted in black, and it was clear immediately that a most important new site, apparently never before reported, had been found. More and more large and life-like animals appeared in the photos taken by the Gardner party, and all these were new to scientific reporting. The well-known San Borjita cave, although it has dozens of large stylized human figures, has only two very crudely done animals, no-

thing like the cave paintings that were being shown to me. I was excited and impressed beyond words. In spite of the early explorations and and later reports on archaeology in Baja California, I knew that there was nothing in the scientific literature but brief mention of these paintings and not even an adequate photograph of them had yet been printed.

On the basis of my opinion that the photographs represented a real discovery of great artistic and scientific interest, Gardner organized a second expedition to the area and offered to fly me in to do a survey and preliminary study of the cave paintings. This was a fabulous offer, since it was giving me an organized expedition and the assistance of those who had discovered the paintings. In the ordinary course of events, it would have taken months of preparation and many thousands of dollars to set up such a research trip, and here I was able to leave in a few days on a completely planned and thoroughly worked-out expedition, even including helicopters necessary to reach the remote canyons rapidly.



In order to comply with the antiquities laws of Mexico, it was necessary to obtain a government permit from the National Institute of Anthropology and History. This agency protects the archaeological remains of Mexico and issues permits for archaeological study to qualified institutions. We made our application air mail, discussed the problems by phone with Mexico City, and received the necessary papers in only a few days time. Even so, our permit arrived in Los Angeles the day before our departure and copies were hastily made so that all members of the field party could carry one.

Gardner and most of the field group went down in trucks and deposited fuel for the helicopters at our way-stations. I left with the helicopters and flew down with mechanic Jim Arnold in the helicopter piloted by Bob Vanaken. Flying alongside the other helicopter, we had a fast and easy flight from San Diego, covering in a few hours what the party on the ground took days to traverse through the dust and bumps of Baja California's famous desert roads.

The expedition included a photographer from *Life* Magazine, and his photos accompanying Gardner's article in *Life* (1962, vol. 53, no. 3) are the first series of published photographs of these dramatic new paintings. Gardner's book, *The Hidden Heart of Baja*, recounts the story of the discovery and publishes additional photographs. The more technical

study of the paintings is still underway but a preliminary scientific report will appear in *American Antiquity* for January 1966.

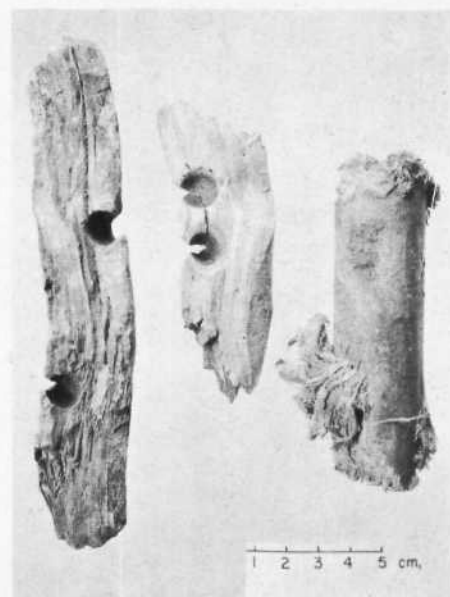
From a base camp at Wilson Ranch we flew into the Sierra San Borja to the canyons of the painted caves. These are more properly rock-shelters since they seldom penetrate into the rock any distance, but are simply rock ledges with huge overhangs of cliff above them. In the course of some thrilling flying up and down the narrow gorges in a region that looks like a little Grand Canyon, nine of the painted rock shelters were observed and photographed. Of these, four were visited on the ground and recorded in detail.

The largest of the painted rock shelters, named Gardner Cave after its discoverer, is 600 feet long along the cliff and averages 30 to 50 feet

painted shelter, I told Gardner he had a winner in this discovery and then set out to do the recording of the sites. I knew I had only a few days to work at a task that could have required at least a month, so I did my best to make every minute count. I crawled out of my sleeping bag every morning before it got light, shaved in the creek by the light of a flashlight, and as soon as it was light enough to see got going on the record keeping. For the four caves visited, I took several hundred photographs, made a 16 mm. movie, and took many pages of notes enumerating the figures present, recording the instances in which one painting was drawn on top of another, and drawing individual elements of style. In Gardner Cave the paintings were not evenly distributed, but were clustered in three main locations from one end of the shelter to the other. In one day's recording here, I estimated that I walked five miles inside the shelter as I went back and forth many times recording and photographing different aspects of the paintings.

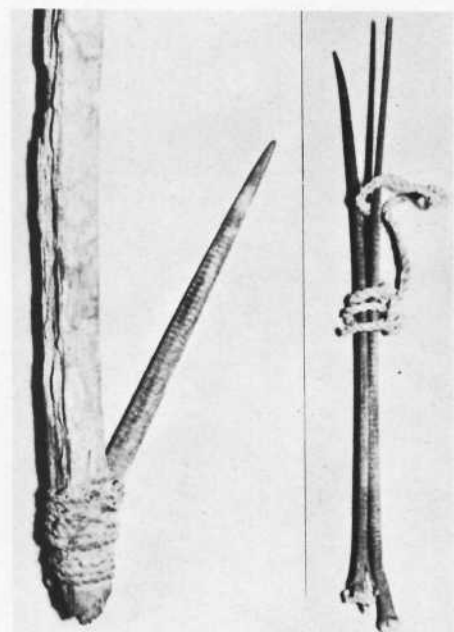
It was very important for us to obtain some objects made by the Indians who had lived in these shelters and made the paintings, since such items would be the only way we could date the paintings and identify the aboriginal people who did this elaborate work. Except for Gardner Cave, the shelters all have bedrock floors so there is no chance of recovering materials made by the ancient inhabitants. Gardner Cave, however, had some pockets of soil in crevices of the boulders and on the last day we excavated the small amount of soil in the cave and recovered from it 139 objects used by the Indians, including sea shells, animal bones, wooden arrow parts, basketry, and other small items. This collection was then described and later returned to the Mexican National Museum.

The specimens found all belong to an archaeological culture which has been called Comondu by Dr. Massey who has done much of the recent archaeological work in Baja California. This identifies the occupation of the cave, and presumably the paintings as well, as relatively recent—within the last thousand years or so. As a check, a battered wooden peg (perhaps used in a trap of some kind) was sent to UCLA's Institute of Geophysics Radiocarbon Laboratory. This implement was dated by the radiocarbon method as having an age of 530-80 years. On this evidence, the shelter was occupied, and the paintings made, some time between 1352 and 1512 A.D.



in width. The walls are painted with 136 figures of humans and animals, the latter including deer, mountain sheep, eagles, rabbits, one whale, and several fish. There are 59 human figures, 69 paintings of animals, and 8 geometric designs in this tremendous array, and since most of the humans and animals are life size or larger (the biggest human figure is nine feet tall), a fantastic effort went into this assemblage of primitive art. Note that this single shelter contains almost twice as many paintings as the much-publicized site of San Borjita, and as mentioned previously the 69 animal figures add a whole new dimension to the rock art of this region since San Borjita lacks such paintings and the early explorers, while they mention the existence of animal figures, do not present adequate illustrations of them.

After clambering up to this large



Above: Cactus spine hook was used for collecting pitahaya fruit. Other spines were found tied with native cordage. Top right: Fire making hearths were used with fire drill. All from Gardner Cave.

With some notion of who made the paintings the next question of importance was, "Why?" Since there are no living persons who can answer questions about the purpose of the paintings, we must try to get an answer from our knowledge of the customs of recent primitive peoples and from analyzing the content of the paintings themselves. A number of plausible explanations of the paintings can be given, but the most clear evidence is that the paintings were intended to serve as hunting magic—the notion being that the painter, in creating an image of an animal, would also by magic create a real animal that could then be obtained by the hunter. Evidence of this in the paintings is shown by the fact that most of the animals portrayed are shown with large arrows sticking out of them. In some cases of unfinished paintings, where only the outline of a figure had been done, the arrow was also drawn showing that it was a fundamental part of the picture.

The studies at this time are only beginning exploratory ventures—many sites remain to be found and much additional information is needed before we can be certain of our facts with regard to the age and meaning of the paintings. On the other hand, a discovery has been made and a beginning is accomplished. Upon our return from Baja California and Gardner's publication of the article in *Life* (and soon after his book *The Hidden Heart of Baja*), there was the usual flood of critical comment from professional debunkers who were unwilling to believe that such

a discovery could be made by the writer of mystery stories. Most of these people assumed without reading the articles that the Gardner expedition had revisited the site of San Borjita, even though that site is many miles to the south and very different in its paintings. Others believed that the French explorer Diguët had recorded all these sites in the 1890s, and one critic felt that the paintings were "known" because of a brief mention in the work of the missionary Clavigero (first published in 1789).

However, both before and after our trip I made an intensive search of the published records on Baja California, and so far as I have been able to discover only one of the nine sites recorded by the Gardner expedition has ever been mentioned in print. (This is one of the sites found by Diguët). In other words, Gardner Cave is really Gardner's discovery—not that he is the first man to see the cave or set foot in it, but that his report is the first publication and his pictures are the first photographs of this impressive site. This is what constitutes discovery in the scientific sense and we are obliged to him not only for making the initial discovery, but for financing and leading a second trip for purposes of detailed scholarly recording.

As the archaeologist accompanying the recording party, I have to record these sites as a find of unusual interest and excitement for any archaeologist. Having spent a large part of my field time looking at archaeological sites vandalized, looted, disturbed, or destroyed by the ignorant, it is im-

possible to express the thrill for me in being taken to these great cave shelters and getting there *first*. To find sites like this without initials scratched on the wall, a litter of beer cans and trash on the floor, and pot-hunter holes here and there is a rare experience even in Baja California, and anyone who has visited Indian sites in the desert West can appreciate the feeling of discovery at seeing one of these locations without even a footprint in the dust—untouched since the disappearance of the aboriginal people who once lived there.

Of the many letters I received after the trip, not all were negative and as a result of the publicity from Gardner's article in *Life*, many valuable additional records have been supplied by persons who have traveled in Baja California. Many knew of additional places where Indian rock art occurs, and some have contributed photographs and other original field observations to the scientific record. John Knowles of Laguna Beach had made an excellent record of paintings near the Cape region, and Ella Footman of San Francisco sent me photographs of additional paintings in the area of the caves described here. G. K. Slocum of Culver City also visited and photographed some of the caves in central Baja California, and many others reported locations of sites, contacts in Baja California, and similar information which helped in building up a more complete file of information.

The office of the Archaeological Survey at UCLA is maintaining a site record file of all reported Indian re-

*Campsite below Gardner Cave.*



*Artifacts found at Gardner Cave.*



*Canyons in same area.*





mains in Baja California and would be most grateful for any photographs and information on such locations. While the work of the survey is concentrated on this side of the border, we are equally interested in the recording and conservation of archaeological remains in Baja California where the archaeology is much less studied and much less known. Any traveler in Baja California is likely to come upon archaeological sites, perhaps not as spectacular as the painted caves but still of great value to science. A few minutes with camera and notebook can well yield a record of great value for scientific study—only the most meager records exist for the whole of Baja California, and the chances of making an important archaeological discovery here are excellent, even for someone who has never looked for ancient remains. There are only two rules. First, Mexican antiquities laws must be respected. There is no law against looking, taking notes and photographs, but one can rapidly run afoul of the Mexican authorities if the activity extends to collecting and digging without government permission. Secondly, see to it that a copy of your records and photos gets into the files of some museum, university, or research organization which is actively concerned with Indian researches in Baja California. In this way your find becomes part of the scientific record and contributes its value to the search for new knowledge. Travelers often do not bother to report archaeological sites and discoveries because they think that what they have found is either unimportant or already well-known to the scientific world. The example of the painted caves described here shows that even things that appear obvious and spectacular have often not been visited nor described by any scientific reporter. The local people, of course, have known about these things for years, yet they are still new to science until an adequate documentary record of them has been compiled.

The archaeological knowledge resulting from the Gardner expeditions reveals an unusually striking native art without close parallel in North America, but the sites reported from this work are not the only ones to be found and recorded, and my hope is that we will be able to piece together many isolated discoveries of individual travelers (like the report on paintings of serpents by Choral Pepper in the August 1964 *DESERT*) to construct a more or less complete history of the ancient inhabitants of Baja California. ///



*Eagles with three-foot wing spans in red and black decorated Gardner Cave.*

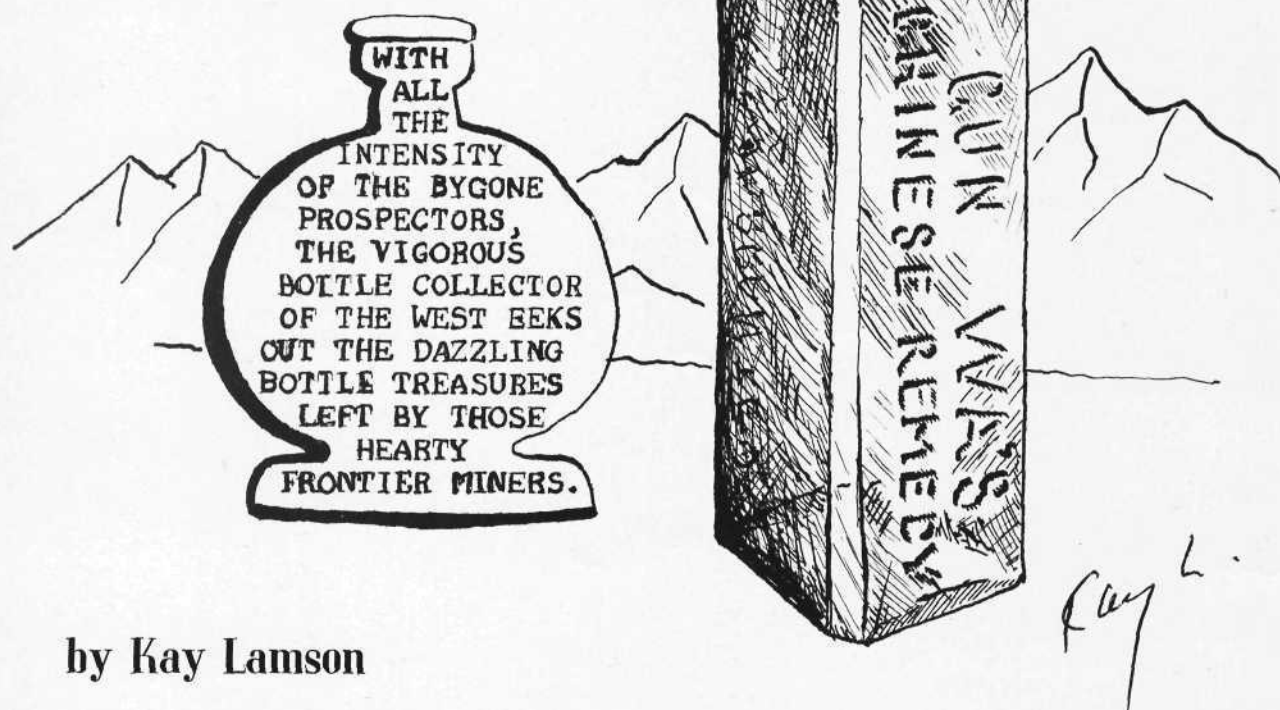


*Mexican children at fuel stop were impressed with Hiller helicopter that carried Gardner expedition to painted caves. Below: Life-sized human and animal figures make this cave distinctive from caves previously reported.*



# COLORADO

## NEW BONANZA FOR OLD BOTTLES



by Kay Lamson

**F**AITHFUL TO its ancient path through the towering Colorado mountains, the Animas River stubbornly resists a loss of identity to the waters of the San Juan. On its bank remains the only living town of Colorado's historic San Juan County—Silverton.

While the glitter of Silver Lake, Sunnyside and Eureka fades from the memories of old-timers, years slip through feeble hands that link us with the past. Finally only bottles are left—thousands of them, waiting to give up their secrets to the West's most recent addition to the field of antiquities, students of the lowly glass bottle. These back-country collectors jot down bits of information that will make their hobby a sophisticated member of the "antique"

family. A jargon apropos to the handmade bottle epoch might stump modern machine-bottle makers, but they know what they're talking about when they trade a black, three-piece mold with a high kick-up and sheared lip for a turn-mold, blob-top lady's leg or a cobalt, embossed and whittle-marked pop!

Imported foods, liquors, perfumes and toiletries were a vital part of existence for an immigrant miner and his family of the 1870s. Their discarded bottles now serve to remind us that our frontiers were molded in part by men who had but recently crossed the ocean to seek a living under the free skies of the Rockies. Those days of wine and rosewater are gone, but the bottle remains, bright and shiny as the morning it

was cast away, and bubbling over with intrigue for the bottle collector.

Each night in old Silverton scantily clad enchantresses of Blair Street spun their webs with Palmer's perfumes, Espey's Fragrant Cream and Nyal's Cold Cream. Arnicated Eureka Cream or Haswell's Witch Hazel Cream was applied to soft feminine skin to insure against the howling winds.

Raw appetites were whetted with Tonoco Bitters or Prickly Ash Bitters. In mining country the threat of chest disease was omnipresent. If the hack were contacted, a miner was left to the mercy of Piso's cure or Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. For internal disorders, he sought relief from the shelf of the nearest Apothecary, but the Bitters with the



highest alcohol content usually won the bid. To help them all forget, Quaker Maid Whiskey and Guinness stout were consumed by the donkey load. As new bottles appear, the past slowly unveils and ghosts of a dead time parade in the reflections of old glass.

On one crisp July morning, we sank our shovels into the old Silverton dump and immediately struck a bonanza in bottles. Some shouted their attributes in embossed glass, others, enigmatic and silent, waited to have their secrets taken from them. What did "Gun Wa's Chinese Remedy" remedy? Which years did Taft and Cunningham fill their drug bottles in Silverton? What did Personeni of New York sell in that cobalt blue bottle? While questions arose, many answers became evident. After an array of Lash's Bitters from various depths and several places we concluded that, from the bottle making methods and increased veracity forced upon the medicine men and distillers, "Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters" was older than "Lash's Liver Bitters" and the latter older still than "Lash's Bitters." What liquid delight was poured from the long, graceful neck of the olive-green bottle inscribed with G. Buton and C. Amaro

di Felsina? This lady's leg was resurrected with the first shovelful at the Sunnyside ghost. There, among ashes, lay 15 inches of delicate old glass, nine inches of which were elongated neck. How did it survive?

Leading to Silver Lake Basin from Silverton, we followed an exiguous pack trail through Arastra Gulch. This precarious thread was cut from granite in the 1870s. Laboring up the steep trail, we pondered the feasibility of mining activity at that 12,500 foot site. It took determination, the kind that is found in mighty hunters and bottle collectors, to push up the last switchback leading to the top. The summit revealed a lake true to its name; and reflected in it were the images of three old mining camps defunct since 1900. In minutes we were scratching the surface of the nearest tailings dump while curious Ptarmigans watched. The skeleton stair-case of an old four-story building hung suspended as if by a thread. As evidence of luxury indigenous to mining towns of that age, we unearthed a black Ferro China Bisleri from Milano, Italy. It was crude and full of lovely irregularities. Blue and purple coffin flasks lay buried in ashes beside purple Tonoco Bitters and a highly-prized bubbly, emerald green

Pepsin Calisaya Bitters. But wonder of wonders was a small bottle which had once contained "Texas Wonder." We're wondering yet!

Soothing syrups and rectifying medicines were taken to keep fit for the mining tasks. "The Great Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure, Specific" must have helped, only if psychologically. More forthright was Hirsch's Malt Whiskey for *Medical* use. Kodol for Dispepsia, Pepto Mangan Gude, Paine's Celery Compound and Foley's Blood Purifier were used with temerity. Messrs. Hamlin, Humphrey, Eno, Eliman, Ayers, Wyeth, Hankins, Gifford and Gombault might well have retired on volume sales. Few of these grand old medicines have survived the test of time and the pure food and drug purge of 1906.

The list of elegant bottles we recovered from ghost camps surrounding Silverton varied from Whitall Tatum's curious tipped neck nurser to Radam's Microbe Killer. The thin air forced us to move slowly, but the profusion of bottles made the effort worthwhile. Bottle sleuthing in this area is merely begun. Some experts on Antique Bottles predict that Southwestern Colorado will be the scene of a bottle rush by 1966. ///



# ARIZONA'S HISTORY-HAUNTED VALLEY

by elizabeth rigby

**W**HEN YOU stand on the west rim of Sunset Point lookout just off Black Canyon Highway (State 69), about 60 miles north of Phoenix, Arizona, and scan the convoluted valley at the foot of the slope between you and the mineral-rich Bradshaw Mountains, you will, if you know where to look, discern a half-dozen small white buildings which make up the community of Bumblebee.

Watered by a number of creeks and prolific springs, rare in this semi-desert land, the valley was once a favorite haunt of Yavapai Apaches. In fact, one version of the origin of Bumblebee's curious name would have it that a troop of U. S. Army scouts from Fort Whipple, sent out to reconnoiter the area, reported that the Indians were "thick as bumblebees."

To reach this picturesque history-haunted valley, which is an Eden for rockhounds and hunters of Indian relics, turn west just beyond the community of Black Canyon, or, if approaching from the north, at Cordes Junction. For 20 miles before returning to the highway, the narrow, winding dirt road (not recommended in wet weather) follows a portion of historic Woolsey Trail (later known as Black Canyon Road), which was once the stage-



coach route and the only access from the south into northern Arizona.

In the 1880's the trip was a hair-raising experience, and not only because of lurking redmen. The steep, one-way grade of Black Canyon Hill was a favorite ambush spot for highway robbers, who would lie in wait here for the immense Concord stages on their way between Prescott and Phoenix, or vice versa. If two stages met on the hill, as often happened,

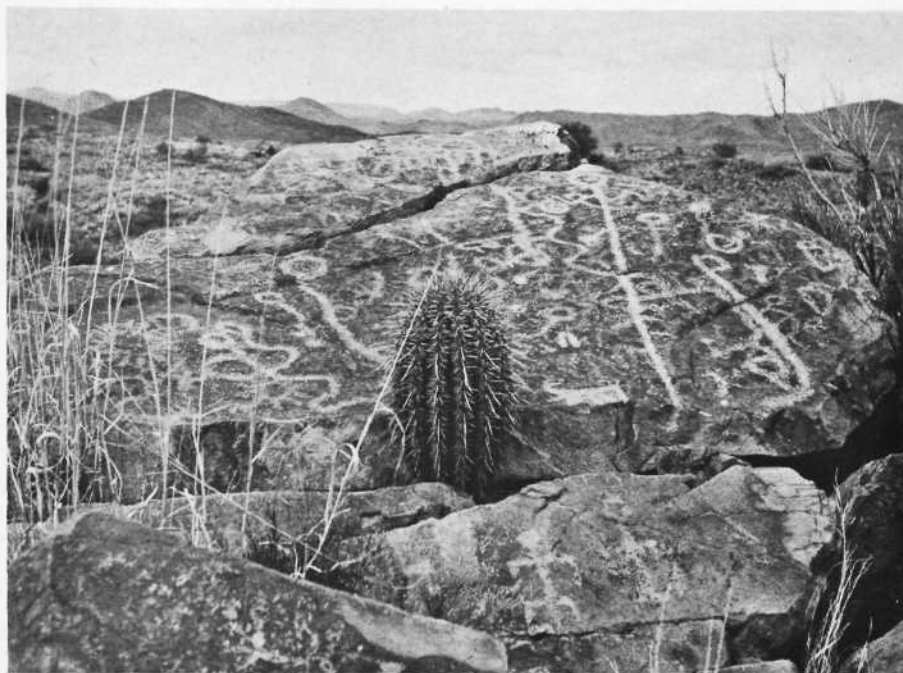
it was impossible for them to pass one another. Then the team coming upgrade had to be unhitched and, with two men holding fast to the tongue of the coach, the stage would be rolled down hill to one of several turnout points. During such an operation the passengers were sitting ducks for the robbers.

Today the route offers no undue hazard to careful drivers and is rewarding with its magnificent views of mountain and desert. Abandoned mines everywhere recall days when quick fortunes were made and lost in these rugged hills.

The Yavapais, too, left reminders of their residence here. Of these, none is more intriguing than "Signal Rock," an isolated eminence near the center of the valley. From this spot Indian sentinels were posted to warn their tribe of approaching enemies. The meaning of petroglyphs carved on the rock is now obscure, but it has been theorized that these were messages either of warning or direction. Possibly they were prayers. Then again, they may have been nothing more than doodles scribbled by bored guards in an interim of peace.

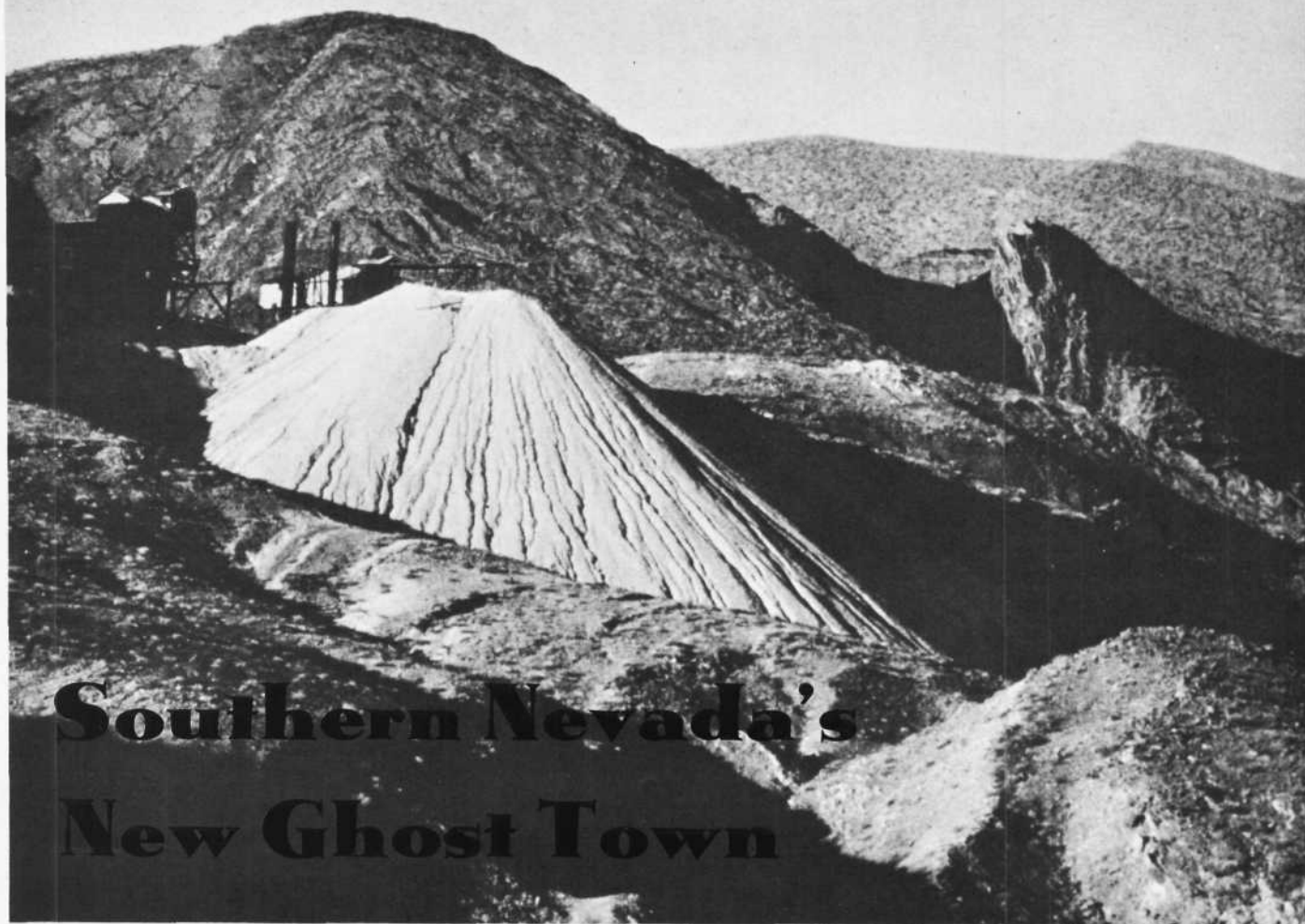
One reason for the valley's popularity may have been the abundance there of saguaro, or giant cactus, the fruit of which was food and drink to the desert Indians. It is comparatively rare to find young, unbranched specimens of these slow-growing plants (a 20-year-old saguaro may be considerably less than three feet tall, while a fully-grown giant may reach 50 feet toward the sky). This is because giant cactuses, so formidable in adulthood, in infancy are extremely vulnerable to the trampling hooves of ranging cattle or deer and to the gnawing teeth of desert rodents. Yet, there are a startling number of young saguaros in the valley of Bumblebee Creek.

Since the giant cactuses, when grown, may weigh several tons apiece, a secure anchorage is important to prevent their being blown over by fierce desert winds. The youngster pictured here seems to have discovered a niche as secure against this fatal eventuality as one could imagine. So a new life today battens upon a relic of the old. ///





Few back-country travelers are aware of this picturesque ghost town right on the fringe of Las Vegas.



## Southern Nevada's New Ghost Town

by Allen Hagood

**W**EST END ghost town lies near Las Vegas, Nevada in an elongate valley bound by great, upended layers of yellowish rock that poke through erosional ruins like sinking ships. Muddy Mountains jag across the northern skyline and a multitude of lesser ranges and desert basins spread southward to the hidden shores of Lake Mead. It is a land of unexpected geologic surprises where even experienced geologists are impressed by the complexity of earth movement. In this setting is the Anniversary Mine, a secluded and oft-forgotten mining development on the eastern Mohave Desert.

Although the mine is only a few miles from Las Vegas and Lake Mead, it lies in a region remote from the traffic mainstream. Most automobiles may be driven to West End, but only intrepid backcountry drivers venture over the 13 miles of gravel

road. The old road, which begins at a modern gypsum mining operation about eight miles north of Vegas Wash, meanders eastward across the desert floor, then ascends a wide unnamed wash to a low but spectacular divide at the southern edge of the Muddy Mountains. At the divide, a quaint old "slow" sign admonishes travelers to beware of curves ahead. Although shot up by vandals, the sign is strongly reminiscent of the '20s when archaic trucks, heavily laden with borate ore, ground along this windy route. In descending the curves from the divide, vistas unfold to reveal the gravelly floor of West End Wash.

After turning east from West End Wash, the road climbs into Borax Wash. A mile and a half farther, in a confined gulch, you enter upper Borax Wash and lonely West End. Old shacks covered with corrugated iron sheeting line the road leading

to living and administrative quarters and maintenance and mill sheds. Old rusty machinery, nostalgic of a bygone era, is scattered among the buildings.

On our first trip, early in 1964, we found Sam Klopfer, the watchman, in the old mine foreman's quarters. The weathered frame house rests on the brink of Lovell Wash, the arroyo that provides access to the Anniversary Mine. Sam informed us that the present mine owners decided to dismantle West End because of a tax burden on the surface property. The buildings and equipment had been sold to promoters who planned to re-erect much of it as an Old West exhibit in Las Vegas. The borate ore is far from exhausted and the company intends to hold its exclusive mining rights until it is economically feasible to reopen the mine.

In telling of local wildlife, Sam mentioned seeing mountain lion tracks at the exit to a high level of

the mine. This was interesting, but not surprising, because cougars had been seen the year before in adjoining Muddy Mountain.

A tour through West End revealed that the camp had changed very little in the preceding 40 years. Although buildings and exposed equipment were rusty, the camp gave the appearance of having been abandoned suddenly. Sam confirmed our suspicions. He remarked that the discovery of enormous borate deposits near Kramer, California, led the West End Chemical Company to pay off the miners at West End and shift the boron economy to the western Mohave Desert, almost 200 miles away.

West End has the trappings of abandonment that epitomize real ghost towns; certainly, lesser bygone settlements have been dignified by the title "ghost town," although perhaps we should coin the term "ghost camp" to describe West End accurately. Two rusty trucks stand ready below the mill and a bevy of ore trailers with ancient, decomposed rubber tires futilely await the next load of processed borate ore. Some of the metal covered buildings, cluttered with domestic and industrial tools, hardly seem to have weathered nearly four decades of severe wind, rain and temperature variations. In an exploratory tunnel near the camp we found ready-for-use shipping tags of the American Borax Company, another borate producer that had operated mines about 15 miles to the northeast. Some shipments were destined for Liverpool, England, and Andernach, Germany; we wondered how the tags had gotten to West End and if Anniversary borates were exported too.

By modern standards, life must have been unpleasant here. In fact, according to employment information cards found in the abandoned administration building, it was unbearable. On one card was the printed query, "Reason for termination?" The answer, nearly 40 years old, "Too damned hot!" And so it was. Sam Klopfer pointed out hand-dug tunnels high in the arroyo bank overlooking the mine and explained that the outdoor and night workmen "holed up" to escape the blistering mid-summer sun. Winter temperatures, of course, were pleasant. Now, as then, the best time for a West End visit is during the cooler months.

Despite the razing of the old camp, a trip to West End and the Anniversary Mine continues to be worthwhile. The mine has been blasted shut in the interest of public safety, but the

spectacular walls of Lovell Wash and the surrounding terrain offer much to the photographer, rockhound, and casual desert naturalist.

Most of the rock layers at West End, including those of the Horse Spring Formation which contain the colemanite borate ore, were folded on a grand scale in the ancient past. Subsequent erosion has sculptured the sides of enormous folds into prodigious broken ridges which have been cut by major drainageways.

An excellent illustration of originally flat-lying sedimentary rocks, now seen as the inclined limb of a tremendous fold, is in Lovell Wash. A short hike from West End mill to the Anniversary Mine entrance along the ore bucket cables is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. The path is steep, in some places uncomfortably abrupt. On the east wall of the arroyo, set against contoured layers of ore-bearing rock, are the buildings and workings of the main portal to the mine. Dipping layers of borate ore are exposed to view along the sides of the gully and across the floor of the wash where they form bedrock ripples athwart the stream bed.

Chemically speaking, colemanite is a calcium-bearing borate mineral that contains water; it first was discovered near Death Valley. Geologists believe that the colemanite at West End was formed as a sedimentary mineral about 25 million years ago in the Tertiary Period. At that time, the climate was arid and it is believed that basins of internal drainage occupied this region. Boron weathered from nearby rocks of probable volcanic origin and was deposited with calcium and other elements, as colemanite, as the lake

water evaporated. Layer on layer of limy borate mud accumulated as the lake basin filled with sediment. The resulting 2000 feet of limestone, shale and colemanite-bearing rock is called the Horse Spring Formation.

Near the ore is a peculiar type of white, impure limestone. It forms shale-thin crinkled and contorted layers that peel off in nodules that were called "eggshells" by the miners. During our visit we amused ourselves by splitting paper-thin "goose eggs" from the rock.

Government reports show that underground workings of the Anniversary extend over half-a-mile to the east into the side of Lovell Wash. Several levels of tunnels were excavated to facilitate stoping and removal of the ore from the nine-foot-thick borate-rich zone. Only one-fifth of the estimated half-million tons of ore has been removed.

From the mine entrance near the bottom of Lovell Wash, Anniversary ore was hoisted in buckets to the calcining plant at the edge of the camp. The colemanite-rich rock was heated in large rotating kilns, a process that drove off excess water and left a powdery residue of silicates, lime and boric oxide. Borate-rich ash was bagged, loaded on truck trailers, and hauled 26 miles to Lovell Siding on the U. P. Railroad northeast of Las Vegas. Impure fractions of calcining were dumped over the side of Lovell Wash; the huge, conical tailing pile, attractive in color and striking in symmetry, can be seen for miles.

Dr. Chester Longwell, veteran field geologist of southern Nevada, has explored the Muddy Mountain country for many years. He tells us the following about West End and the Anniversary Mine:

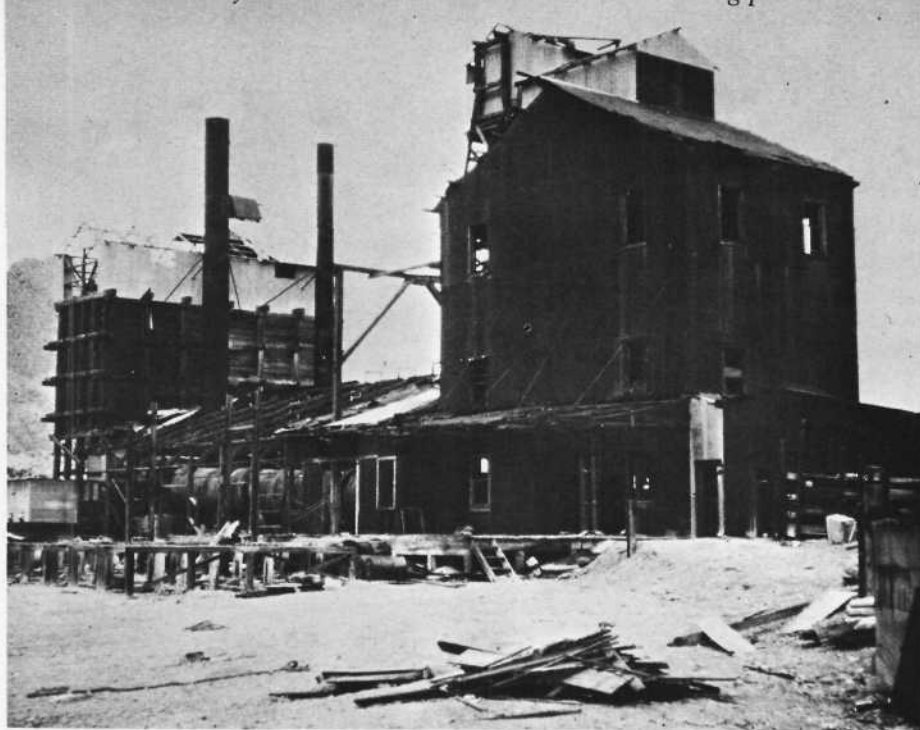
"John Perkins, a prospector in old St. Thomas, made the original discovery of borates in White Basin in 1921 (St. Thomas, a Mormon community covered by the rising waters of Lake Mead in 1936, is an underwater ghost town when the lake is high) that touched off a wave of prospecting, and I knew one of the men, then a cowpuncher in Muddy Valley, who made the big discovery at West End. As I recall, his name was Hartmann. He and a fellow prospector, Lovell—whose name is on the big wash—had a long season of systematic prospecting climaxed by the big discovery. They were in part grub-staked by the Gentry family in St. Thomas and by Pete Buol, who was well acquainted with borate operations around Death Valley. He knew "Borax Smith," who had gone



*We amused ourselves splitting "goose-eggs" from rocks.*



*Anniversary ore was hoisted in buckets to the colcining plant.*



"broke" there, and after the West End discovery Buol managed to make a track for a car and drove Smith to the site and sold the claims to him for a quarter of a million dollars . . . It is indeed too bad that the old West End is being dismantled. I knew the place from near the discovery date, late in 1921. It was going strong until 1928, when development of the newly discovered, huge deposit near Kramer put all other borate workings out of business . . . I visited the West End in 1925, when production was at its height. The foreman, 'Weary Wilson,' guided me through the underground labyrinth, and it surely was a busy, well-planned operation. My last visit to the place was in early 1964, when the job of dismantling was under way . . ."

Although romantic old West End is certain to be razed completely, the scenery en route to it and the awesome background of the immediate area make the trip a choice desert excursion. A short but exciting hike in Lovell Wash, toward the north, climaxed my latest West End adventure. Lyle Linch, a park naturalist from Lake Mead, accompanied me up the arroyo. In less than half a mile from the mine, we entered the Narrows, a winding, precipitous gorge that cuts a ridge formed by resistant limestone of the Horse Spring Formation. A trek through the Narrows, over a third of a mile long, is breathtaking. A close-hand view of Muddy Peak and its ragged companion summit confronts the hiker at the head of the chasm.

The new Northshore Road of the National Park Service, now under construction, will pass to the south of West End. Although this excellent paved road will lie within two miles of West End, because the mine is privately owned no access roads will be built. However, the desert hiker would have little difficulty in covering the ground between the new road and West End.

For motorists, the only way is over the 13 miles of unimproved gravel road previously described. It is difficult to say whether West End or

the drive through rugged, polychromatic landscapes is the most impressive. There are two initial approaches, both over paved, but privately owned roads that lead to an active gypsum mine. One road branches southeast from U.S. 91 about 10 miles northeast of Las Vegas, but it is traveled by heavy mining equipment and may be shut off to public access. The more favorable route branches from the rural (Lake Mead) extension of Lake Mead Boulevard, and continues northeasterly about four miles where it joins the other paved road near the aforementioned gypsum mine. Turn right, continue a half mile to the gates of the mine and skirt the fenced processing and loading area until the unsurfaced road just east of the enclosure is reached. Then drive eastward on a somewhat confusing network of dirt roads until the main West End road is underwheel. Because of surface mining of gypsum in this area, roads cannot be expected to remain in the same place within a mile radius of the mine. The roads thus far described are privately owned and judgement used in passing over them should be tempered with caution. The 13-mile road between the gypsum mine and abandoned West End is seldom traveled and may be rough. With care, however, many passengers cars can be driven the entire distance, although the road tends to have a high gravel center. Also, it follows washes and may be altered by storms and heavy runoff. With careful driving, however, the backcountry aficionado should have a reasonably carefree excursion through magnificent terrain. ///

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# Where the highway turns away

by Lucile Martens

**I**T'S TOO BAD Highway 80 turned away.

When Bert Vaughn built his Desert Tower in the mid-20s, California State Highway 80 hugged it closely. For many years eastbound travelers passing through San Diego County's back country were stunned with a panoramic view visible from a pinnacle of the Laguna Mountains where the highway began its precipitous 3000-foot descent to the desert floor. Winding through sinister rock formations, writhing, turning, diving dangerously into wild canyons, the road suddenly straightened and stretched into an eternity of desert brush and burning sand. All of this and more were seen in minute detail from the site upon which Bert Vaughn, former California Commissioner of Highways and owner of the town of Jacumba, built his landmark.

In the spirit of the rugged pioneers to whose memory the structure was dedicated, his grim tower rose bit by bit, block by block, stone by stone. Without grace of level or slide rule, rocks of the massive four-foot walls were dumped or heaved into place and bound together with hand-mixed, bath-tub cement designed to match the permanence and indestructibility of the mountain on which the tower stood.

Here and there the builder conceded to the wisdom of modern ways and interspersed practical materials—such as a row of jutting beams extending from the circular tower like spokes of a hub-heavy wheel. This architectural oddity suggested a medieval fortress, but its real purpose was a practical one. Those beams consisted of discarded screed boards from the highway and were incorporated in the Desert Tower to support a proposed stairway—a spiderlike structure intended to coil around the building and reward dare-devil climbers with one of the world's truly superb views.

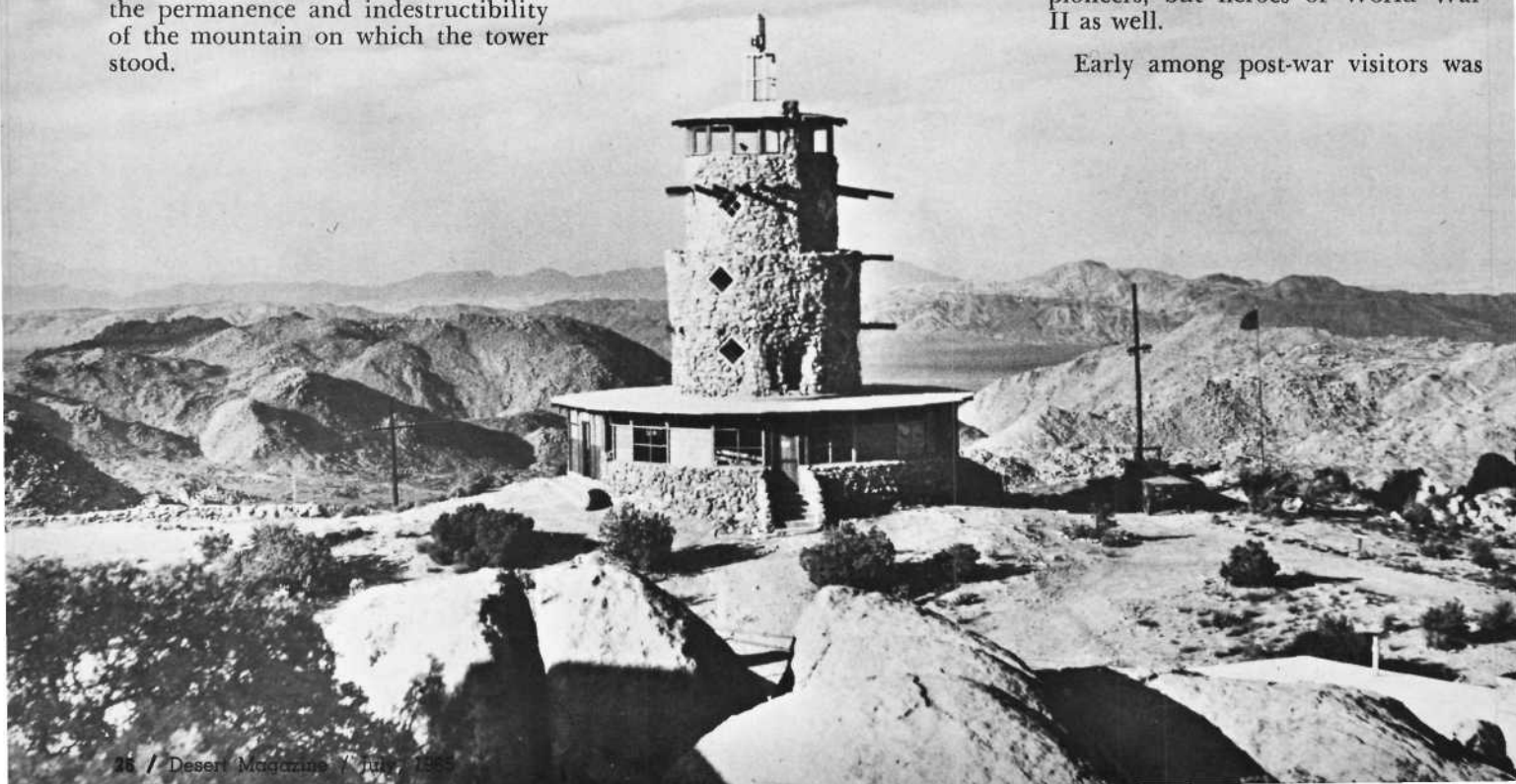
Some days the fine, light mountain air was still and clear. At such times the brilliant sun and vivid sky brought remote mountains into sharp focus and even cast reflections in the distant waters of the Salton Sea. Fading land-marks and ancient trails leaped from their time-worn pattern to thread a path from yesterday to the present. But when the howling east winds came, as they sometimes did, the landscape was smothered in

a dark cloud of cutting sand and creatures of the desert ran for cover until the fury of the gusts had abated. These mighty winds suited the character of the Tower and the highway that it served, and lent it the excitement and zest of danger. But the outdoor stairway never materialized.

By 1939 Highway 80 was resurfaced, widened, and its route was modified. The strain of an ever-increasing flow of visitors from the east, coupled with the growing stream of traffic between Imperial and San Diego counties, had left its mark on the old highway and improvements were imperative. When the construction was complete, the Desert Tower had lost nothing of its prominence and had gained in accessibility.

Then came the great world conflict. Highway travel dwindled and the flow of tower visitors almost stopped. During this lull in tourist interest the Desert Tower served its parent highway as a look-out tower and regular crews of men were assigned duty there, scanning the skies for signs of the enemy. By the mid-40s the tower had gained in ugliness, but also in dignity and stature. It now commemorated not only early pioneers, but heroes of World War II as well.

Early among post-war visitors was





*Visitor wonders if Jacumba winds loosened teeth of this unlovely creature carved into network of tunnels.*

Dennis A. Newman, veteran flyer, who had for several years unhappily exchanged the freedom of the skies for an Italian prison camp. Through high-powered binoculars he examined the rock-bound monstrosity which he perceived to be an intricate part of this awesome and untouched domain. As his eyes surveyed the desert valley for a key to the past, his mind envisioned the site as a museum for pioneer relics and Indian artifacts.

His dream did not come true over night. In the years that followed his purchase of the Desert Tower, he worked tirelessly and systematically, renovating and adding to the building. He built a sturdy spiral staircase which led to the turret top. He supplied high-powered binoculars. He installed a priceless collection of knives, guns and other relics. He brought water to his mountain, he cleared and leveled the ground for picnicking, built trails and roads, marked off the famous caves and made them more accessible. He built a spectacular archway to mark the entrance and to frame the picture which greeted approaching visitors and he provided a restaurant for well-coming guests.

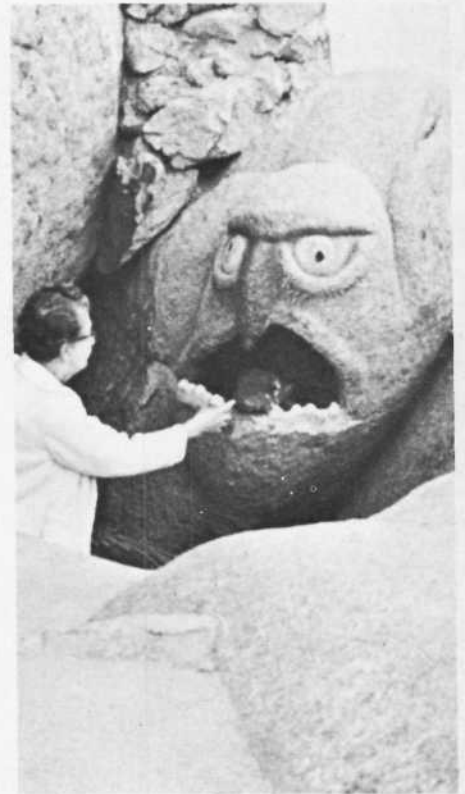
The prodigious monsters which surprise and astonish visitors were conceived by a dying artist who regained his health in the two years required

to chisel the amazing beasts from solid rock. Children especially love these monsters—and they are safe to play with.

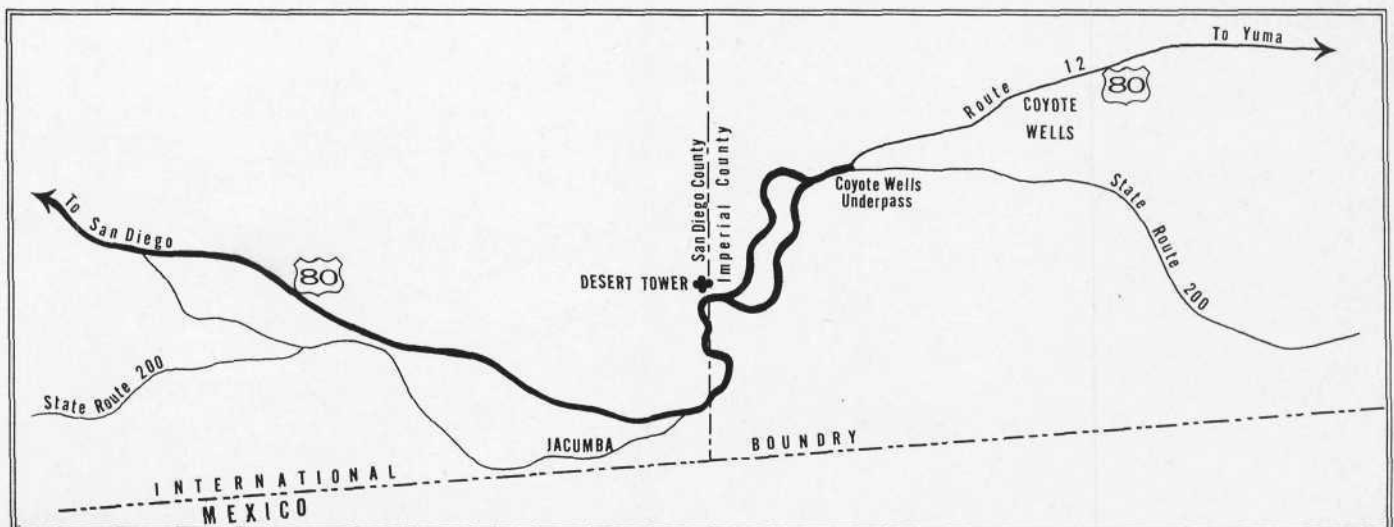
Mr. Newman knew for several years that Highway 80 would leave the Tower and that a period of lonely isolation might ensue. But the force of progress is a merciless one and resistance is useless when a highway demands a new right-of-way.

So he bargained—yielding only what was necessary, protecting and retaining all that he could. But when after a long period of construction, the first new section of the highway opened to the traffic, the former site of Desert Tower had suffered a gash across its face. Instead of passing in close proximity, the new highway dived through a chasm 125 feet deep. In its plunge it usurped 10 acres of land, gobbled up the entrance tower and restaurant and eliminated the well and access roads. But the owner and proprietor, resourceful enough to have once escaped from an Italian prison camp, remains undaunted by this new turn of the highway. A rebuilding process is now well underway and, even nature has responded by unexpectedly yielding a new well.

Approaching from the east, you catch a fleeting, but tempting glimpse of the venerable Desert Tower long before new signs begin to lure you



onto its new access road. The finished highway is torn into widely separated lanes for eastbound and westbound traffic, but it's unlikely this old landmark will ever fade away. The new route, S8, in cutting inside the mountain has lost its view but the Desert Tower remains firm on its lofty perch and can now boast of a new attraction — an unobstructed panorama of the ingenious highway about to join other famous roads that have spanned the pages of California's history. ///



When it's 120° on the desert, here's a nice cool place to look for a real cool lost mine.

## Bill Moyle's Lost Mine

by Milo Bird



Stanislaus River Melones 7/24

IN READING stories of lost mines I find it difficult to separate fact from fiction. I know of a lost mine that was rediscovered by a Swiss cheese maker and a man who had retired from the Salvation Army, but the story of how they found it is so incredible that I would hesitate to retell it. To go one step further, I discovered Bill Moyle's mine a year or more before it became lost, and now 60 years have passed I couldn't find it again if my life depended on it. But let's begin at the beginning.

The hills around the town of Melones, California, had more prospectors than rattlesnakes. There were so many, in fact, that Bill Moyle couldn't find a place to dig. Therefore, he went in search of less crowded quarters. And apparently he found it. By his own admission, he found an outcropping that suited him perfectly. A short distance below the outcropping he drilled a tunnel into the hill to tap the vein.

Bill's exuberance knew no bounds. But since the hills were full of prospectors who expected to hit it rich some day, people in Melones didn't pay any more attention to Bill's wild stories than they did to those of the other prospectors. Even Bill's own family wouldn't listen to him. They thought he was loafing out there in the hills. Other people in town agreed. Everyone just naturally assumed that he was spending each day out there somewhere under a cascara sagrada bush fabricating stories about a fabulous high grade vein right on the surface of the earth.

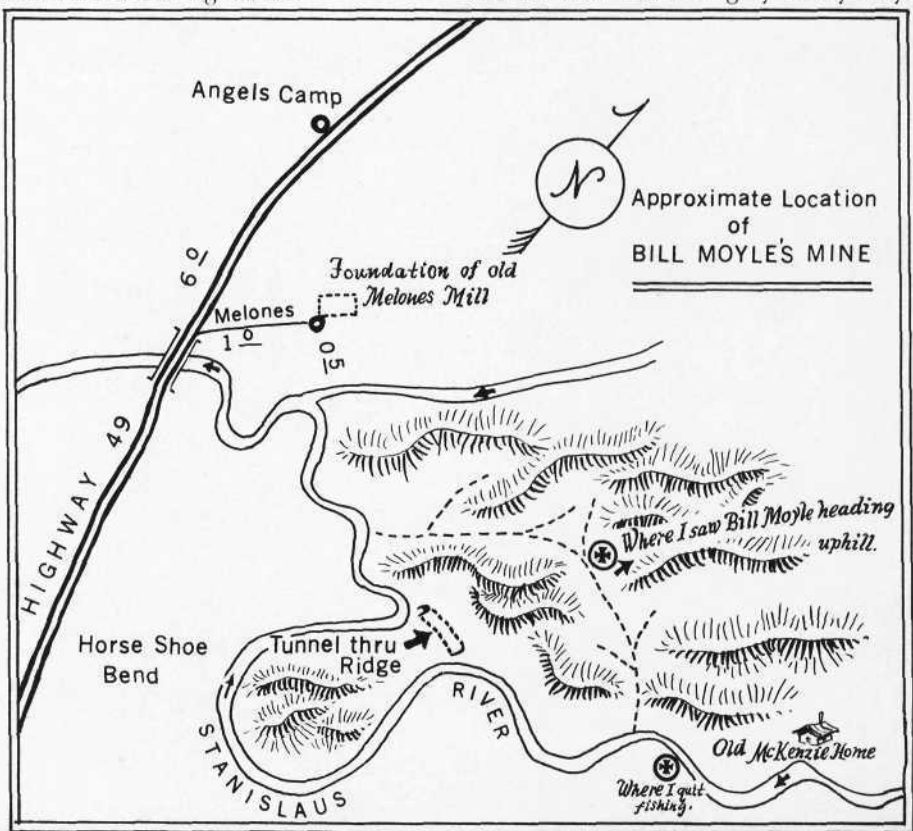
To keep people from knowing where his claim was, he always varied his path. One morning he would start down the river from town. The next he would go up the river. Next he would start up over Carson Hill

behind town. Or he might wander along Main Street just gassing with the saloon keeper or the grocer or the postmaster or with us kids on the way to school. Then he would disappear. Even while people were watching him, he would simply melt from the scene to be gone all day.

After Bill lost his mine nobody could say for a certainty what route he took to get out of town. None of the other prospectors had ever seen him going to his claim nor coming from it. And people didn't realize he was back in town until he showed up in Baldy's Bar for a shot of Three Star Hennessey before going home to his wife's boarding house.

Yes, Mrs. Moyle ran a boarding house. She always had from six to a dozen boarders who would rather eat home cooked meals than the grub shoved at them in Ben Nam's restaurant. She didn't charge much for meals in those days but she cleared enough to keep Bill grub-staked. She, alone, must have had faith in him, for the Lord knows he wasn't the boss in his home and no amount of wheedling could have gotten a grubstake out of her if she didn't have that faith.

After Bill had been disappearing from town every day for well over a year people noticed him getting itchier and more fidgety every day.





They didn't realize that he was getting closer and closer to what he anticipated would be his Golconda. They thought his wife was finally getting fed up with his loafing and his failure to contribute to the family support. The increasing vehemence of the daily preprandial ruckus when he arrived evenings added tinder to their thoughts.

Any doubt people may have had about Bill's sincerity met a sudden demise one afternoon when he popped in through the back door of Baldy's Bar, his pockets bulging with the richest ore even seen in that part of the country. Nuggets the size of peanuts studded every rock.

"an' what's more," Bill ejaculated as he spread his samples out on the bar, "there's tons of it right where I blew into th' vein."

Miners and loafers alike, believers and skeptics, every man in the saloon took turns slapping Bill on the shoulder and buying drinks for everybody. By the time the treating ended someone noticed that Bill had fallen to the floor and was in a deep stupor. No one could recall when he fell or when he quit drinking. One less man at the bar would never have been noticed by those men anyway.

Bill never fully recovered from his stroke. Although he lived for many years afterward and was able to walk and talk quite well he could never remember where his prospect was. He recalled, however, that before leaving the diggings with his pockets full of nuggets he had carried all his equipment into the tunnel and had covered the dump and the mouth of the tunnel with brush so they could not be found.

Since he had been so secretive about its location, had never taken any of his family to it, had not even recorded his claim and had been careful not to make any tell-tale trails on the hillside, all searches for his prospect hole came to naught.

Now here is the payoff. I also lost that mine. It came about this way. Early one Saturday morning I went fishing up the river much farther than my mother usually permitted me to go. Oblivious of time and distance that morning I had wandered around bend after bend of the river until my creel was so full I couldn't stuff another fish into it. I was then far beyond where I had ever been before and, since I was carrying such a heavy creel of fish, I didn't relish the idea of having to scramble over several miles of huge boulders and prickly bush going back down the river.

After orienting myself as well as I could by the sun, I headed up an animal trail and had crossed several ridges of hills before concluding that this didn't seem to be the shortest route back to town. As I stopped to reconnoiter, my attention was called to a movement less than a hundred yards ahead. I froze in my tracks to watch through the chaparral, for I had heard stories of mountain lion in those hills.

In a moment Bill Moyle, coming toward me, stepped off the trail I had been following and turned up another animal trail into a gulch. I thought nothing of it at the time because I was so glad to know that I was on a path which would take me back to civilization. Later, however, I realized that Bill's claim must be in that gulch or close to it.

During all the years that Bill lived after his stroke I kept my council about having seen him on that hill. And then I left the hills to go to college and to work in various parts of the world. During all that time I never once gave Bill's mine a passing thought. But after reading about lost mines in DESERT Magazine I began to wonder if I could find Bill Moyle's lost mine.

The more I think about it, the more I believe the search would be in vain. After a lapse of 60 years I can't recall how many ridges I had crossed when I saw Bill on the trail nor how many I crossed afterward before getting back to the river about two miles above town. Even if I could recall the necessary details, would the same animal trail be there after all the storms that have ravaged those hills? Trees wouldn't be the same. The older ones would be dead and gone. Trees which were small then would now be huge. Fires have raced through those hills while landslides have changed the physiography of every ridge and gully. In addition, Bill undoubtedly had to timber his tunnel with small trees cut nearby and during this long lapse of time they would have rotted and allowed the tunnel to cave in, obliterating all evidence of its mouth.

And what's more, only a much younger man would tackle the two miles of boulders and brush along that section of the Stanislaus River to get to the point where I came down out of the hills. As far as I'm concerned, Bill Moyle's mine will remain lost. But maybe someone else—a fisherman or camper, will inadvertently stumble upon it someday. After all, it's there! *///*



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# HERE LIES PEGLEG'S LOST GOLD



*Photo of Pegleg Hill taken by finder of black gold nuggets.*

**Because it's impossible to print all of the inquiries relative to the claimed recovery of the lost Pegleg black gold by an anonymous finder who told his story in the March and May, 1965, issues of DESERT, here's a round-up of comments. Other letters are printed on the Letters From Our Readers.**

**To the Man Who Found  
Pegleg's Black Gold . . .**

Many are the speculators as to your identity. Larry Dubrall of Los Angeles and the Glen Rices of Palmdale, among others, credit famous mystery writer Erle Stanley Gardner with the golden horde. A prospector from Arizona believes it's none other than Randall Henderson, founder of DESERT Magazine. Occasional visitors suggest it's desert rat Harry Oliver's prank and a girl up the street who sells us topographical maps swears it's her rich uncle. A Mr. Reed of San Diego is sure it's Horace Parker who wrote the wonderful Anza/Borrego guidebook and DESERT'S Lost Mine authority, Kenneth Marquiss, thinks you're a woman.

A few readers have chatised us for making no effort to identify the Real Mr. Pegleg. Our stock answer is that it isn't our business who you are. You've been good to DESERT—yours is a great story and you produced the evidence to back it up—and if you desire anonymity, there's absolutely no one with whom we would cooperate in any effort to “flush him out,” to use the words of a popular newspaper columnist who has just that in mind.

In addition to letters that have appeared in past issues and in this one, there have been a number of suggestions as to how you should part with your money. One reader laments that the East coast has the Statue of Liberty, but the West coast has nothing,

He suggests a statue of Christ on a turntable. Wilber Hill of San Jacinto believes a mining project conducted by the eye bank of Los Angeles on the site you could reveal would contribute to their efforts for restoring vision by transplanting corneas from deceased persons. Larry O'Malley of Ramona, who some years ago found seven black nuggets in the 17 Palms area of the de Anza desert, but quit looking when he found he was followed, suggests you send \$10,000 worth of nuggets c/o DESERT Magazine to be contributed anonymously to the United Fund, Heart Fund, etc. And then there's the man who wants to start a big gold mine employing only cripples, epileptics and alcoholics so they may be assured of steady work in an understanding atmosphere. Or, you could support several seasoned travelers who would like a trailer and funds to travel across the country spreading the word of God and Americanism. A number of other ideas, similarly worthy and impractical, escape me at the moment, but you are wise to remain anonymous. In addition to the above reasons, there might be a few ruthless gold seekers who could give you a heap of trouble.

Thank you for the nugget on a chain for me. It has made mine the most interesting neck on the desert! Preparing manuscripts is time consuming and we appreciate the thought you have put into answering letters from our readers. The black nuggets are prominently dis-

played in the new Home of DESERT Magazine and we hope you will be among those to visit our new quarters.

We do not publish private addresses, but if you wish to personally respond to any of the letters we've published, please telephone the office and I will give you the addresses, provided you can answer a question I'll ask to establish yourself as our Mr. Pegleg.

Now for the letter in which you have answered reader's questions printed in the May issue of DESERT Magazine . . .

Dear Choral Pepper:

**T**HIS TIME I'm sending two of the black nuggets. The extra one is mounted on a chain and is for you personally.

I, too, want to make it perfectly clear that other than printing my story and displaying the nuggets I sent in, DESERT Magazine has had absolutely nothing to do with the Pegleg black gold. They don't know who I am, and I'm sure they can confirm the fact that each time I've written in I've mailed the letter from a different post office in a different town so they couldn't possibly trace me by their subscription list. Now the letters in the May issue:

Bill Knyvett's letter poses an interesting question. While I am no expert on the subject nor a metallurgist, I do know that air is present underground for some distance, especially in sandy or rocky soil, whereas something like clay would tend to keep the air out. The nuggets on the surface definitely had a heavier coat-



ing of oxidation than those found underground. I discovered this when I tried to remove it. After trying all the acids from muriatic to aqua regia I finally used a variety of "pickling" solutions which contained ingredients that attacked the oxidation. While several of the acids and solutions would remove the black coating, the amount of time to do the job varied a great deal. Also, as I indicated in the story, some solutions would remove just the black film and still leave the nuggets a sort of reddish color while other solutions would remove everything and leave the nuggets natural gold color, etc. etc. Because of the hazard of acid fumes, I finally settled on several of the non-toxic solutions. Best results were obtained when the solutions were boiling hot. The black oxidation would dissolve and disappear in a few minutes from the underground nuggets, but would take about three times as long on the heavily oxidized nuggets I found on the surface. Part of Dr. Brauer's questions are answered here too, and it is obvious that he knows what he is talking about. To be more specific, I did try nitric acid, which worked quite well, especially when hot. After a while the nitric acid solution would turn greenish-yellow and would not clean the nuggets as well so I would discard it and use a fresh solution. I might mention also that nitric is one of the more deadly acids and when I discovered other and less harmful solutions I stopped using it.

I thank Mr. Doty for his fair and generous offer, but will decline for the reasons set forth in my letter in the same issue as well as reasons listed further on in this letter.

Howard Clark makes a couple of interesting points. As Choral Pepper has pointed out in her forward to the story in the March issue, it is up to each individual reader to decide for himself whether I found Pegleg's black gold or not. It really means nothing to me one way or the other whether anybody believes it or not. Clark is also right about Pegleg first coming to California in 1829. It is later accounts that put the date around 1850 when he found the black nuggets.

I remember the incident in Nome that Mr. Clawson speaks of, although I did not bother to get his name at that time. He tried to draw me out about the nuggets—as everybody who ever saw any of them did—but naturally I wasn't talking. If he bought a nugget from the jeweler, he certainly has one of the cleaned Pegleg nuggets. I might mention here

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that, among other things, I tumbled some of the nuggets, which removed the black coating on the high spots, but left it down in the cavities and made the nuggets look like natural stream-tumbled nuggets. I believe this was the year after Clawson got his cleaned nugget. Also, I sold a lot of nuggets in various parts of Canada too, and on a few occasions I had the nuggets smelted down in Canada and refined into pure bullion, but this was before I realized that it was unlawful to possess bullion in the United States, so I sold it in Canada.

Perhaps it is time to be more explicit about my reasons for remaining anonymous, so let me make these points:

1. With the black gold I found, I certainly didn't need the money that **DESERT** might have paid me for the story, which probably would have been less than \$50.00.

2. Publicity or "glory" for having found the black gold is something I need even less for this reason: Some years ago a friend of mine and his wife won \$57,000.00 on the Irish Sweepstakes. They thought it was a wonderful thing to have their pictures in the paper and the story


*(Continued on page 38)*

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# The Desert and Archeology

Second in a series prepared especially for DESERT Magazine  
by Mexico's foremost anthropologist, DR. CARLOS MARGAIN  
of the University of Mexico.

ONE QUESTION students always ask, when considering the enormous amount of artifacts recovered by archeologists, is how did we select a particular site—the Tehuacan Valley for instance—to inaugurate an excavation?

Selection of such is not a matter of chance, although luck helps a great deal. A long time before work in the valley of Tehuacan began, during 1948 and '50, excavations were instituted at Bat Cave in New Mexico. Among items carefully dug up were tiny corn cobs about one inch long. Radio carbon dating technique, used with associated suitable material, dated these small cobs back to 3600 B.C.

In 1949, the great American archeologist, Mr. R. D. McNeish, was digging in north-eastern Mexico at La Perra cave. The earliest corn he found there was dated 2500 B.C. and identified as an ancestor of a still existing corn or maize-race. Five years later, in 1954, he excavated caves in southwestern Tamaulipas, Mexico. Instead of finding older corn specimens, as he hoped, he discovered one which could be dated back "only" 2200 B.C. However, the find was important in that the corn belonged to another new, or unknown, maize-race.

At about the same time, investigators were working in other places. One, R. H. Lister from Colorado University, was digging the Swallow Cave in Sonora, Mexico. Others, E. S. Banghoorn, M. K. Wolfe and K. H. Bisby, from Harvard University, were also making important discoveries—one, they identified "as pollen grains of maize, some fossil pollen isolated from a drill core taken at a depth of more than 70 meters (more than 200 feet) below the present site of Mexico City." This proved contemporary with the last inter-glacial period "estimated by geologists to have occurred about 80,000 years ago" and those are the facts which finally settled the question about the American origin of maize.

In 1958 MacNeish was digging again in Honduras and Guatemala,

with not much luck. One year later, in southern Mexico, he uncovered corn and other vegetal material, none of which was older than the materials already found years before in northern territories. By this time, after 10 years, he had narrowed down the territories where he eventually could find what he had been methodically and tirelessly looking for: the beginning of agriculture in America. The territory he still had to survey and study was an area between the Valley of Mexico and the State of Chiapas.

In explaining his selection of the desert Valley of Tehuacan for further excavating, he said, "Botanical evidence showed that (the original ancestor of) corn was a highland grass and therefore only the highlands were pertinent. Finally, specimens susceptible to study were to be found mainly in dry caves in a dry region. We recognized that caves often had one floor on top of another and remains from such a succession of floors might show the evolution from wild corn to domesticated maize. Ergo, one must look for a highland region having caves suitable for occupation, a dry climate for the preservation of corn cobs, located between southern and central Mexico.

"A careful study of rainfall, climatic, topographic and geographic maps revealed only three likely regions (located between the Valley of Mexico and the State of Chiapas): southern Oaxaca, the Tehuacan Valley, and the Rio Balsas area. Here one might find the original home of corn. Archeological dates from previous work indicated it should be older than 5000 years ago and botanical studies indicated that it should be like the most primitive cobs found in Bat Cave, New Mexico. In the winter of 1960, in the Tehuacan region, a test in a stratified cave revealed tiny, primitive corn cobs in a layer which could be dated about 3600 B.C. At last it seemed we had the correct region in which to concentrate our investigation."

Although mankind, in general, has never been interested in establishing himself in such aggressive and lonely

looking places as deserts, one of the oldest and most impressive civilizations Man ever produced, originated and developed during thousands of years in the desert. This, the Egyptian civilization, is commonly considered an exception. But in America lies another extraordinary exception. Thousands of years ago, at least 3000, in the completely deserts coastal areas of what is now Peru in South America, Man lived, developed and reached high cultural and intellectual levels long, long before Europeans arrived. Some of the most fascinating examples of highly refined, sophisticated and interesting civilizations man has ever produced are slowly being unearthed in the moonlike coastal areas of Peru.

But let us focus again upon the small, unimportant-looking Tehuacan Valley desert. It is hard to imagine that such a place, full of cacti, spiny bush and typical desert flora and fauna, could be, as it is, a place permanently and uninterruptedly occupied by Man during more than 9000 years (further evidence will doubtlessly demonstrate that permanent and uninterrupted human occupation is dated back to 10 or 12,000 years B.C.).

Nevertheless, it does not take long to realize that such aggressiveness is more apparent than real. And, it does not take long to become incredibly attracted to the unique characteristics of the desert. The minute you fall under its "spell," or whatever term you wish to use, such places become more appealing than others actually better suited to permanent human occupation.

So, it could have been the invisible, but intellectually effective challenge to the human spirit of enterprise that prompted people to settle here. Or, it might have been a softness behind the apparent harshness and gruff aspects of the deserts. The fact remains people once arrived and did settle in places such as the Tehuacan Valley Desert. And, because of those hardy people, we are now able to delve into the origins of America's civilization.

///



# DESERT DISPENSARY

by Sam Hicks

Part of a series of articles relating Sam Hicks' first-hand observations to the uses made by primitive peoples of nature's products.



Most Mexican ranchers have herb garden near the house. On this one grows *Ruda*, a medical herb, *Alantro*, an edible herb used for seasoning, and a chili pepper tree.

**J**UANITA NEJO, who lives near the Pechanga Reservation out of Temecula, California, and who is well along in her 80s, customarily takes dried deer blood, a heaping teaspoon to a glass of warm water, whenever her heart is misbehaving. She tells me she not only gets immediate relief from pain, but there is also a sedative side-effect from this concoction that halts palpitation.

I have a friend in Alpine, Texas, by the name of W. D. Smithers, who was born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, while his father was bookkeeper for the American Mining and Smelting Company. Smithers went to Mexican schools until he was 10 years old, and learned to speak Spanish fluently. He then came to Texas with his parents and has since spent nearly all his life in the Big Bend Country of the Rio Grande.

He has always been friendly with Spanish speaking people and, because of his sincerity, has been given information imparted to few foreigners. From one of his books, *Pancho Villa's Last Hangout*, the following paragraphs are taken.

"The purpose of this story is to tell that nature had the plants avail-

able that could cure, and there were a few (curanderos) who knew all of them and for what each would be used. Also, that today's drug manufacturers are using some of these plants to make medicines. There probably would be more of them used if they could reach the laboratories in the same condition as when they were gathered. Some have proven very successful, from my personal knowledge, but of some there are doubts, as this writer is not a medical authority and did not know if the patient had the ailment for which he was being treated, but the odds are in favor of the *Curandero*.

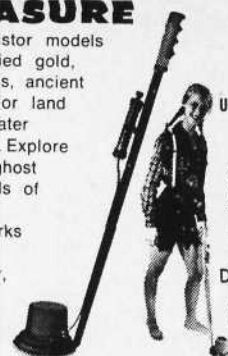
Mr. Smithers tells of an incident wherein a woman picked up a .22 calibre rifle by the end of the barrel and the hammer caught in a quilt and discharged, causing a flesh wound three inches long in the lower part of her right arm. "A neighbor stopped the bleeding by applying soot to the wound, then spider webs. That was their standard remedy to stop bleeding, even serious knife wounds of those wild dance fights. Mexicans never destroy a cobweb unless they need it for a wound.

"Much can be learned from studying animals and birds in arid regions of the border country. Notice the species of cacti that animals have gnawed into to get moisture. The species they select is the best one for you. To locate water, watch the doves. When numbers of them fly towards a canyon or a draw in the mountains, follow their course and you will find a spring. Animal trails also lead to water.

"To relieve swelling of sprained ankles or wrists rural Mexicans make a poultice of sunflower seeds, as Americans do with flax meal. Yellow laundry soap mixed with sugar will draw the pus from sores and boils. Poultices are made from cacti, some from seeds and plant leaves mixed in oil made from goat or deer fat. Various ones are used for burns, bruises, sprains, or other ailments." ///

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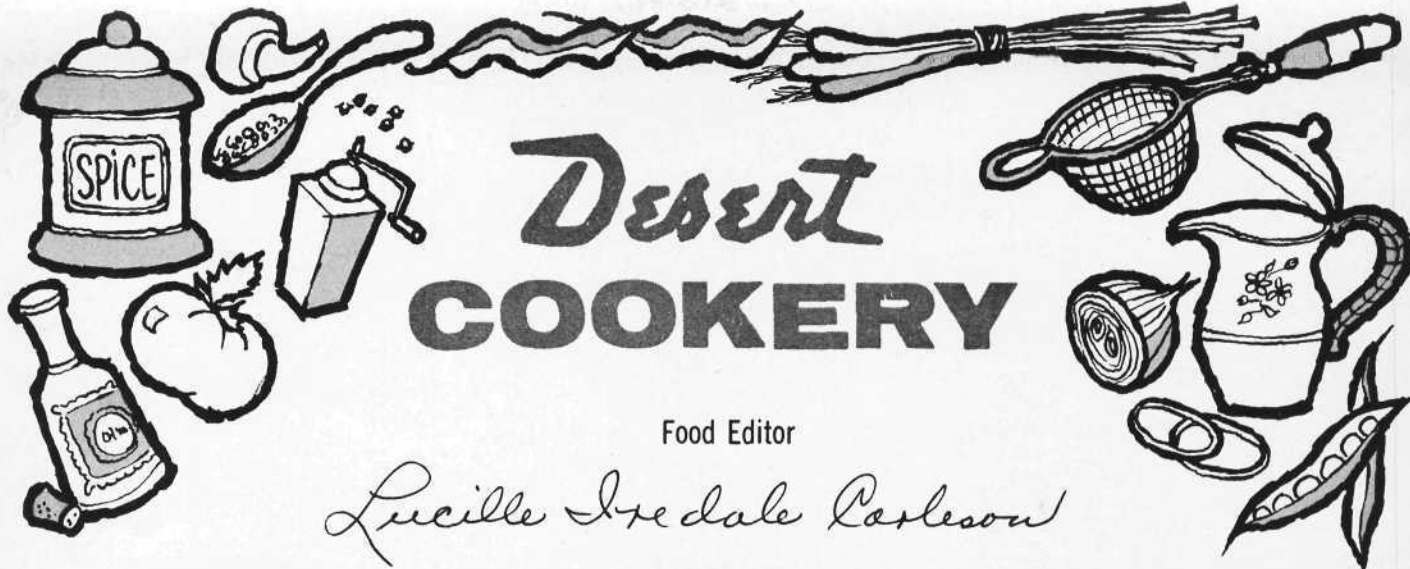
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- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon prepared mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 rounded cup thinly sliced or grated cheese
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups drained kidney beans

Cook onion slowly in butter. Add flour, salt and mustard. Mix well and cook slowly a few minutes. Add milk, stirring constantly, until thick, then add Worcestershire sauce and cheese. Cook over very low heat slowly until cheese is melted. Add beans, cover and heat through. Serve over toast. Serves 4.

### RICE LOAF

- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup butter or margarine
- 1 cup milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups grated cheddar cheese
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fine dry bread crumbs
- 3 eggs slightly beaten
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup minced onion
- 1 tablespoon parsley flakes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 can mushroom soup
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup water
- 1 small can sliced mushrooms

Heat butter with milk until melted. Add rice, cheese and crumbs to eggs. Stir in hot milk.

Add celery, onion, parsley, salt and mustard. Turn into greased loaf pan that has been lined with greased paper. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour, 15 min. Blend soup with water until smooth. Add mushrooms with liquid. Heat through when ready to serve. Pour sauce over loaf. 6 servings.

### VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

- 2 packages frozen green beans, cooked and drained
  - 1 can drained bean sprouts
  - 1 can water chestnuts
  - 1 can mushroom pieces
  - 1 small minced onion
- Toss lightly together and spoon 1 can or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups cheese sauce over in casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 25 minutes. Cover with French-fried onions and bake 10 minutes longer. 6 servings.

### SCALLOPS SUPERB

- 1 package frozen scallops
  - 1 can frozen shrimp soup
  - $\frac{1}{3}$  cup thin cream or canned milk
  - $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sherry
- Thaw scallops and rinse with water to remove bits of shell, then cook gently for 15 or 20 minutes. Drain. Heat the frozen soup in double boiler. Add cream, scallops and sherry, and heat, but do not boil. Serve on a mound of hot rice.

### WELSH RARE-BIT WITH BEANS

- 1 lb. sharp Cheddar cheese
- 1 tablespoon butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup ale, beer, or cream
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- Dash Tabasco sauce
- $\frac{1}{8}$  teaspoon paprika
- 1 well beaten egg
- 2 cups cooked, drained Great Northern white beans

In top of double boiler or in chafing dish, mix dry seasonings. Pour in ale, beer or cream. Let stand until hot. Add cheese, thinly sliced or grated. Stir, always in same direction, until cheese is melted. Add egg which has been whipped with fork and mixed with Tabasco and Worcestershire. Add beans and heat. Serve over toast. Serves 5 or 6.

### HAM, YAM and BANANA

Place a serving size piece of ham in flat baking dish for as many as you want to serve. Over this sprinkle brown sugar and dot with butter. Over this lay a layer of split bananas. Cover this with brown sugar and dot with butter. Over this place a half medium-sized yam which has been boiled with the skin on and peeled. Over this add more brown sugar and butter. Pour  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fruit juice in dish and bake in 375 oven for about 25 minutes.

If you are serving this for dinner, make the ham slice  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick, if for a luncheon, slice the ham thinner and use slices of yam instead of the half.

### SHRIMP AND SOLE

- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 tablespoons chopped celery
- 3 tablespoons chopped onion
- 2 slices bread, crusts removed
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped cooked shrimp
- Salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon water
- 4 sole fillets
- 1  $10\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. can cream of celery soup
- $\frac{1}{3}$  cup milk
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

Melt butter. Add celery and onion and cook until tender but not browned. Tear bread into small pieces and add to onion and celery. Stir and cook until lightly browned. Stir in the shrimp. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Add water. Spread  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the stuffing in each fish fillet. Roll and fasten with wood picks. Arrange in shallow baking dish. Heat soup with milk, add parsley, and if wished, more shrimp. Spoon this sauce over fish and bake at 350 degrees for 15 or 20 minutes.



A monthly feature by  
the author of  
Ghost Town Album,  
Ghost Town Trails, and  
Ghost Town Shadows.

## Shaniko, Oregon

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

IT SHOULD have been named Scherneckau, this tiny, sleepy remnant of a once roistering sheep and wheat shipping center. August Scherneckau, immigrant from Germany and early owner of the stage stop close to the site of the future town, was respected by Indians thereabouts, but the Teutonic inflection of his name was beyond the scope of savage tongues. To them, Scherneckau became Shaniko, and so did the town.

The stage stop was established in Cross Hollows, junction of two gullies and location of a fine spring, by John and Elizabeth Ward. In August, 1874 Scherneckau came along, saw economic possibilities in the location and bought out the Wards. Under his benevolent management the station remained free of Indian harassment and prospered. By 1879, enough settlers warranted the establishment of a postoffice named Cross Hollows. Scherneckau, the bearded German, was the first postmaster. About 10 years later, though, he yearned for a more desirable climate than that of the Oregon "high desert" so sold out to a fellow countryman named Gustaf Schmidt and retired to live in Astoria on the coast until 1923, when he took a long deferred trip to California.

Meanwhile, back on the old homestead, great changes took place. Vast areas of erstwhile desert lands around Cross Hollows were converted to the raising of wheat and sheep. In 1898

a railroad reached the flats above the Hollows, the point of origin being Biggs Junction on the Columbia.

The railroad was the brainchild of bankers and financiers of The Dalles and Moro, nearby towns in the wheat belt. They figured it would be a good idea to establish its terminus beyond already established towns, tapping the area to its very limits. This point was just above the canyon country where Cross Hollows lay, and close enough to that locality to take the name of Shaniko, the popular name for the older village. The latter now died, its postoffice at Cross Hollows closing even before a new one was established in 1900 at the burgeoning boom town up the draw.

The new Shaniko grew as fast as rails arrived bearing bricks and other building materials. A large hotel sprung up, along with stores and business establishments of less reputable character. Wheat elevators were built and sheep sheds constructed to handle inpouring floods of grain and woolies. A jail for horse thieves and overly boisterous celebrants was built in combination with a city hall and firehouse constructed across the street from the brick hotel.



After a number of years of prosperity it was learned that the railroad was to be extended southward to Bend, a central Oregon metropolis. This news started another boom, but the way it turned out, Shaniko was ignored. The railroad, or rather two railroads, were started in 1911 at the same time, their routes lying in the Deschutes River canyon. One line was James J. Hill's, the rival line was Harriman's. The Hill rails successfully reached Bend first, killing both the Harriman project and the town of Shaniko.

Today Shaniko is a satisfactory ghost. Its few residents fought publicity as such for a time, resenting onslaughts of vandals inspired by newspaper stories and a television program. Then came a more profitable philosophy. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." The historic postoffice is now a museum full of Shanikoana, the large vacant lot next to the city hall is filled with a fine collection of wagons and buggies. Stores have disappeared, but the hotel, shown above, still functions and the old "City Center" across the street still stands. The town is easily reached by a hard top road from Portland via Maupin, and is worth a visit. ///

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## PEGLEG GOLD

(Continued from page 31)

printed. For a few days they basked in the congratulations and envy of their friends and neighbors, but soon it began to pall. People began to knock on their door at all hours of the day and night and the phone went wild. People had all kinds of things to sell them, a million schemes to invest their money in and suggestions on what to do with the money. Neighbors and others wanted them to make big contributions to a variety of causes, both worthy and unworthy. The harassment increased and soon their friends and neighbors turned into spiteful, jealous enemies. They didn't have a minute's peace. Finally they had to move to another town, but it followed them everywhere. On many occasions I've heard them say they wish they had never got the money so they could still live in their old home and have their same friends and neighbors. This kind of publicity and glory I don't need nor want and this alone is more than enough reason to remain anonymous for the rest of my life. I still have all my friends, and when I quit my job I let the hint drop that I had inherited some property which just barely provided me with a livable income. I intend to keep it that way. Life is much more pleasant this way. This is also why there is no point in responding to any of the fair or sincere offers from anybody who wants to go ahead and mine for the rest of the underground nuggets. I can't see how I could remain anonymous in any of these proposals.

3. I said in my last letter that if better detectors were developed that would detect smaller nuggets further underground, I could go out and make another harvest, but in reality, I'm satisfied with the amount of black gold I got. I've given reasons why I think it will be extremely diffi-

cult to locate my hill and mound, but let me also say plainly that if any person does locate the more deeply buried black nuggets—or another outcropping of them which I think exists—then they are welcome to it and I will never begrudge them for they will have earned it.

4. If I ever reveal the location or anybody else finds the rest of the gold and it becomes public knowledge, then the search will be over for those who are looking for the black nuggets. This brings me down to the letter of J. Wilson McKinney and Choral Pepper's forward to my letter in the May issue. One of the main reasons why I chose to reveal the discovery of Pegleg's black nuggets was clearly stated in my original story. It was time to give hope to those countless hardy souls who have spent so much time searching for legendary lost mines and treasures in the desert. Apparently no one had ever actually discovered a lost treasure in the desert and made it public until I found the Pegleg gold, but I know that all the searchers have found a full measure of health, happiness and adventure while roaming through the desert and, as we are pushed further into this socialist Utopia that is being prepared for us, health and happiness will become ever more important, as well as our freedom to even roam in the desert.

J. Wilson McKinney paints the picture quite well, and Choral Pepper's third paragraph is a masterpiece. She has put into words one of the main reasons for my anonymous revelation of finding Pegleg's black gold.

Sincerely,

The Man Who Found  
Pegleg's Black Gold

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# LETTERS

## FROM OUR READERS

### Old Searchlight! . . .

To the Editor: Thank you for the article on Searchlight. You see, I was there. But how did all those saloons exist—they only served beer and whiskey and women were not allowed! Everyone in town was a booster. You had a good word for your friend's mine even if it was only a hole. At least, that was true in the presence of "orange pickers" from Riverside and San Bernardino. Searchlight was in Lincoln County and Pioche was the county seat. Took a day and a half to get there, so the Justice of the Peace usually said to Sheriff Bill Colton, "Take the culprit to the edge of town, give him a bottle of water and tell him to never come back!"

C. L. BUCKLER,  
Los Angeles

### To the Man Who Found Pegleg's Black Gold . . .

Being a woman, I am curious. Is there a Mrs. Pegleg? I am an English woman in love with America, especially the fabulous desert. God bless America! My children love the desert and so does the dog—it is something like a cathedral, only better because it's not confined, but embraces all who enter its bosom. I'm so happy you found that mine. I go with dreams of finding some nuggets one day, and if Mother Nature wishes, she will extend her hand. If ever we do find a gold mine, we will use the money to bring people to the desert—to rest and play awhile, to walk and watch in its stillness the beauty that abounds there. Gold Bless you, Mr. Pegleg. Let me know if there's a Mrs. Pegleg. I just want to know if you have someone to share your joy and good fortune.

MRS. LOOS,  
Los Angeles

You said you'd like to see whatever is left of the Pegleg gold used to further the principles of Americanism and/or increase the knowledge and appreciation of Americans for the desert . . . without any money being siphoned off into taxes and needless expenses. I would suggest that a tax exempt non-profit foundation be established with a trust company handling the money so that no one could profit from the mining of the gold. The gold could then be mined, sold and the money invested by trust company experts in order to get the highest return with security. The interest from the capital would then be used with a certain percentage going to educate Americans into Americanism and the rest would go to inform Americans of our wonderful desert. In this way the proceeds could be used year after year without diminishing the capital and you could remain anonymous for as long as you like.

MILTON IRONFIELD,  
San Diego

### Editor's Comment . . .

A point most of these charitable ideas overlook is that at this present no mine actually exists. Mr. Pegleg himself cannot guarantee that under the surface lies a rich mine. To ascertain this and to develop it would involve a tremendous capital outlay. It is doubtful that any tax-exempt organization would be permitted to speculate or would be interested in organizing a non-profit mining company. However, should developments occur which make it possible for Mr. Pegleg to make a tax-exempt contribution to the desert, we hope very much he will foster an idea that will bring people into the desert rather than one which substitutes the word "preservation" for "Keep Out."

We can't share the desert's spiritual benefits nor contribute to man's desperate need to flex his personal independence and stretch his ingenuity by prohibiting people and vehicles from following back country trails or, at least, from entering "take-off" points from where areas may be explored further by foot. Few men today—especially those who work for a living—have the free time to indulge in lengthy back-pack trips or mule rides. Through education and travel articles presented in an informative and exciting manner, rather than through restrictions and fustly haranguing, we can develop an educated interest in back country areas that will manifest itself in respectful back country adventurers. This is DESERT'S philosophy and the reason we insist upon a good solid background of both lore and natural history in our up-to-date travel articles. Readers who have expressed a desire to share their love for desert areas can do more by constructively getting behind this publication with subscriptions and by introducing it to new subscribers than in any other way. DESERT Magazine is not subsidized by a state government or organization. Its subsistence is entirely dependent upon the support of loyal subscribers and advertisers. C.P.

### Two Heads Better than One . . .

I would like to thank the man who found Pegleg's gold for the added clue he gave me to go with my own information. I was on the wrong track until reading his article. I too have found black gold, but only nine nuggets, the biggest the size of a pea. These were on or close to the surface and I found them with my metal locator. My location is barely on the map reprinted in the March issue. One clue I will give, here the boulders are as big as houses.

Name withheld on request,  
Lemon Grove

*Editor's note: This letter would be more effective if the writer had produced evidence for inspection. DESERT, of course, would return it to him. However, the letter had a ring of authenticity. When this issue goes to press the DESERT staff is taking off and we just might run into this man from Lemon Grove—on the right track! C.P.*

### New Member of the DESERT Family . . .

To the Editor: I have been reading your magazine for some time now and think you have a tremendous publication—the only monthly like it. I feel the time has come for me to subscribe. It has a wealth of information for those of us who enjoy desert wilderness. Most of my desert wanderings have been concentrated in southern Utah so I particularly enjoy your annual Utah issue, but I enjoy your magazine regardless of the area.

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